"WAIT UNTIL DARK"

Screenplay by

Robert & Jane-Howard Carrington

From the play

by

Frederick Knott

Producer: Mel Ferrer

Director: Terence Young

11/25/66

FADE IN: (PRE-TITLES)

1. INT. EXTREME CLOSEUP A TABLE TOP DAY (THURSDAY)

SOUND: Someone is humming tunelessly.

An expanse of pale pink. Cloth. At the edge of the FRAME, folds of rumpled fabric, brightly colored and out of focus. At an angle, in sharp focus, a seam runs across the screen. A man's left hand enters the FRAME. The fingers are dark, smoke-stained. They hold the cloth firmly, making little indentations in the yielding surface. From the opposite side of the FRAME appears the man's right hand. The fingers hold a surgical scalpel which pauses above the seam and, in one sure gesture, slits the cloth from top to bottom. Then the hands are at work pulling out the cotton stuffing, taking it out in chunks until there is an open cavity.

2. EXTREME CLOSEUP ANOTHER ANGLE

The fingers probe inside, packing down the remaining cotton. Cigarette smoke drifts across the scene. The right hand disappears to return a second later with half-dozen plastic-wrapped tissue packets, which are tucked neatly into the cavity. This is repeated, the left hand tamping while the right hand fetches more, until the space is quite full. Then loose cotton is stuffed in and around the packets, and the cloth is stretched across the whole.

3. EXTREME CLOSEUP A NEEDLE

A curved surgical needle appears and twists before the CAMERA, then it plunges into the cloth, taking a stitch in the fabric and curving up out again.

4. CLOSEUP LOUIS

It is the well-used face of a man in his fifties. Deep lines run across the leathery skin. Rimless steel glasses glisten blindly in the light of a green goose-neck table lamp. It is he who is responsible for the talentless humming. He breaks off now to lift a cigarette to his mouth, take a deep, slow drag, and let a feather of smoke billow from his nose.

LISA'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Come on, Louis.

Louis looks up at the voice, without expression.

5. CLOSEUP LISA

LISA is looking down at Louis. She is an attractive blonde.

LISA:
I'm late.

6. CLOSEUP LOUIS

Louis regards the girl for a moment, then clucks sympathetically and returns to his work.

7. WIDE SHOT LOUIS' ROOM DAY

A small apartment in a Montreal brownstone: a rumpled bed, a washbasin, an open closet door, the table at which Louis works. Lisa, standing by the table, now looks at her wristwatch. Louis takes up the humming where he left off, and methodically completes the stitching. The object upon which he is working is a doll, its dress pulled up around its head so that the back is laid bare for the operation. As we watch, Louis takes the last stitch, knots it, and bites off the thread.

8. REVERSE ANGLE LISA'S P.O.V.

Louis sets the doll up, then pulls down the dress and smooths it in place. He clicks a switch at the base of the porcelain head, and a clock mechanism starts to CHIME out a little tune. Louis smiles up at Lisa.

LOUIS:
Fini.

9. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE THEM BOTH AND DOOR

Lisa takes up the doll, clicks off the tune and lifts a suitcase in her other hand. Louis rises and moves to unlock the door.

LISA:
(going to door)
They should make heroin look like something else.
(Louis holds door open)
Candy bars maybe.

LOUIS:
Be careful, Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

LISA:
You, too.

Her stiletto heels CLICK down the corridor. Louis stands at the door, watching until she disappears down the stairs. Then he moves across to the window and stares down at the street.

10. EXT. MONTREAL STREET DAY

Lisa comes down the steps of the brownstone, signaling for a taxi. A taxi (marked MONTREAL CAB CO.) pulls to the curb, and she starts to climb in. Louis can be seen at the top floor window.

11. INT./EXT. LOUIS' ROOM AND STREET DAY

Louis in f.g. leans on window sill and watches Lisa getting into the taxi. He is humming again. Below, the taxi pulls away from the curb and moves off, growing small at the end of the street. Still humming, Louis lifts a phone onto his lap and dials operator.

12. CLOSEUP LOUDSPEAKER

The mouth of a loudspeaker pointing directly at the CAMERA fills the FRAME. There is no movement except a slight tremble when the amplified VOICE IS HEARD. START TITLES during speech. (TITLES CONTINUE THROUGH SC. 34)

LOUDSPEAKER:
(in French with Canadian accent)
Air Canada Flight 320 non-stop Montreal to New York now boarding at Gate 15. All passengers please report to United States Immigration and Customs for clearance, then proceed with your boarding passes to the West Ramp. Thank you.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO:

13. INT./EXT. ENTRANCE AND TAXI RAMP
MONTREAL AIRPORT FROM INSIDE DAY

As the LOUDSPEAKER REPEATS the above speech in English, a taxi pulls up outside on the ramp. Lisa steps out and, carrying the doll and a single suitcase, hurries toward CAMERA and through the glass doors.

14. INT. MONTREAL AIRPORT MAIN CORRIDOR DAY

Under the saucer-like lights of the entrance hall, Lisa comes through the doors and crosses toward the ticket counter of AIR CANADA.

15. INT. AIR CANADA TICKET COUNTER DAY

Lisa flops her tickets on the desk and stands impatiently by as a smiling girl checks over her papers.

16. INT. CUSTOMS BENCH LOW ANGLE SHOT

From inside the customs enclosure, the CAMERA watches as a Customs Official crosses in front of a line of opened luggage, stamping each luggage tag as he goes. After he passes, a man and a woman close the bulging suitcases, haul them onto a waiting cart and push this OFF SCENE. In the opening thus made, Lisa can be seen approaching the bench. The doll is stuffed under one arm like an old newspaper. Her U.S. passport is prominently displayed. She flops the suitcase on the bench and springs it open.

17. SHOOTING PAST DOLL TO SUITCASE

The doll in f.g. In b.g. the Customs Official's hand and lower body come into FRAME. He pushes the contents of the suitcase this way and that, probing behind. Then he flops down the top and stamps the tag before walking out of FRAME.

18. EXT. AIRPORT APRON HIGH ANGLE SHOT DAY

SHOOTING from deck by Ground Traffic Control tower. An Air Canada jetliner stands on the cement. A stream of passengers moves out from under CAMERA. Lisa's green suit comes into view moving towards the plane.

19. EXT. JETLINER DC-9 FORWARD PASSENGER STEPS DAY

SOUND: Airport racket.

Lisa is not in the SHOT. At the top of the stairs, a knot of passengers is pushing in the door. A man in a tweed coat is juggling all manner of professional camera equipment as he negotiates the last step. This is SAM HENDRIX. Although we see him during the TITLE SEQUENCE, we hear no dialogue from him until later. Now as he steps back to get his balance, a roll of film flops out of his film pouch and plonks onto the steps at his feet.

20. CLOSEUP AIRLINE STEPS

The film roll bumps down step after step until a hand (Lisa's) comes into SHOT and catches it.

21. SHOT LISA

She straightens up with the film roll, smiles up past CAMERA then lobs the film up out of SHOT.

22. SAME AS SC. 19

Sam, on the top step, is turned to Lisa at the bottom of the stairs. As Lisa tosses up the film, Sam fields it easily, and with a smile, tips his finger "Thank you." Then he turns and disappears inside the plane. A moment later, Lisa has followed and the steps telescope up after her. PAN TO JET ENGINE which starts up with a ROAR and moves toward CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

23. EXT. VAN WYCK EXPRESSWAY AIRLINE OVERPASS LONG SHOT DAY

Traffic streams along the expressway. A large sign affixed to the airplane bridge over the traffic lanes reads: "KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT LEFT LANE. NEW YORK CITY RIGHT LANE," with appropriate arrows. An Air Canada jetliner rides smoothly over above the traffic.

24. EXT. KENNEDY OBSERVATION DECK LONG SHOT DAY

A man in a black coat is leaning with back to CAMERA on the railing in b.g. SCREEN RIGHT. He is smoking and watching the Air Canada jet wheel to a stop on the apron below. Large in SHOT, SCREEN LEFT, is a sign reading "OBSERVATION DECK" -- and in red -- "NO SMOKING." As the steps are attached to the plane and passengers start down, the man on deck drops his cigarette, grinds it out, and walks slowly along the deck, keeping pace with the passengers below.

25. EXT. OBSERVATION DECK HIGH ANGLE MOVING SHOT DAY

CAMERA TRACKS along the observation deck as the man, in f.g. with his back to CAMERA, keeps pace with the disembarking passengers on the ground. Directly opposite him below, is Lisa's green suit. She stops and looks up. The man stops.

26. EXT. CLOSEUP LISA

She is looking up. The doll is under her arm.

27. WHAT SHE SEES THE MAN ON OBSERVATION ROOF
CLOSE SHOT OF MAN IN BLACK COAT

His face is partially obscured by tinted glasses and the sun catches full in each lens, giving him two bright halos for eyes. We cannot identify his face clearly.

28. BACK TO LISA

She starts forward, hurrying now toward the entrance door.

29. BACK TO OBSERVATION ROOF

The solitary figure of the man is hurrying along the observation area. He disappears down a flight of stairs.

30. INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR MOVING SHOT LISA DAY

Lisa is pushing desperately past passengers, searching among them. Ahead of her is the tweed coat. She reaches over a child's head and touches the tweed coat. Sam turns.

31. INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR EXTREME LONG SHOT

In CENTER FRAME Lisa is seen talking to Sam. She is gesturing, holding out doll.

32. INT. ARRIVALS GATE DAY

SHOOTING PAST back of man in black coat. Lisa comes into FRAME, passes through gate and approaches CAMERA and man. Without a word, man takes her arm and leads her off FRAME. We do not identify his face.

33. INT. AIRPORT LOBBY HIGH ANGLE SHOT DAY

Lisa and man in black coat walk out from under CAMERA arm in arm. A moment later, Sam appears and goes off in the opposite direction.

34. GO WITH SAM CLOSE SHOT

Among the cameras slung over his shoulder is the film pouch. Riding in it, like a baby kangaroo, is the doll staring out at the CAMERA. FADE LAST TITLE - END TITLE SEQUENCE. HOLD on doll until

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

35. EXT. NEW YORK PLAYSTREET ESTABLISHING SHOT AFTERNOON (DAY) (FRIDAY)

SOUNDS of kids playing. A group of boys toss a football up and down the length of the block. A hopscotch game is in progress. Nearby three girls jump rope. A boy dragging a can on a string zigzags through street. A dog yelps at his heels. A typical New York playstreet.

36. ANOTHER ANGLE

A group of boys are sitting on a stoop in mufflers and club jackets, smoking. Two women pass by, glance at the boys. The football game erupts into the scene and, as abruptly, moves on. The group on the stoop just watches, pretty bored.

37. MED. SHOT THE GROUP OF BOYS

One boy finishes a cigarette and tosses it into the street, then there is nothing to do, so they just sit looking. A moment passes. Then a man's voice speaks from close by.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Hey, kid.

BOY:
(turning to voice)
Who, me?

38. WHAT HE SEES MIKE AND CARLINO

Two men stand at the foot of the stoop looking up. They are MIKE TALMAN and CARLINO. Mike is the better looking of the two, and the taller. Carlino is heavy and his belly sticks out beneath his coat.

MIKE:
Where's St. Luke's Place?

39. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE MIKE, CARLINO AND KIDS ON STOOP

BOY:
I don't know nothing. I'm a drop-out.

This sally does not go unappreciated by his associates. Carlino glances at Mike to get his reaction.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

MIKE:
(quietly)
I asked you a question, kid.

This causes a silence among the group who now turn appraising eyes on the two men. Carlino is whistling tunelessly, rocking back and forth on his toes, blinking up at them. Mike stands dead still. After a moment, the boy shrugs and nods off in one direction.

BOY:
That's it.

MIKE:
Thanks...

He and Carlino walk off. Behind them, the group shifts restlessly.

BOY:
Big men on Campus...

40. THE PLAYSTREET TRACKING SHOT MIKE AND CARLINO

CAMERA TRACKS BACKWARD, holding Mike and Carlino in TWO SHOT. They are not talking now, just walking. Behind them the activities of the street continue. A football spirals high in b.g. The SOUND of the kids are all around them. After a moment, Carlino speaks.

CARLINO:
What did she say?

MIKE:
I told you, she just left a message.

CARLINO:
But she asked for me?

MIKE:
That's right.

CARLINO:
Happy days are here again, huh?

MIKE:
We'll see.

41. EXT. A CORNER OF ST. LUKE'S PLACE AFTERNOON (DAY)

Mike and Carlino enter SHOT and stop by curb in front of four-story village house. A stoop runs up to the parlor floor whose windows sport "Apartment For Rent" signs. Below, a half-moon barred basement window peeks over the areaway. Mike takes out a slip of paper and checks the address, then he pushes through the iron gate and leads the way down the steps beneath the stoop toward the basement. Carlino glances into the basement window in passing. Mike shoves open the door under the stoop and both men enter the house.

42. INT. HENDRIX APARTMENT HOUSE BASEMENT HALL AFTERNOON (DAY)

The hall is narrow and dimly lit in the fashion popular among parsimonious landlords. A flight of stairs leads up to the rest of the building. Only one door opens off the corridor. It is an old building and the sounds from outside are effectively dampened here. Both men look around them, blinking to see in the darkness.

CARLINO:
You sure this is right?

MIKE:
(proferring the paper)
Want to read it?

CARLINO:
Don't make waves. I just asked a question.

Mike tucks the paper into his pocket and moves to the door. He has just lifted his hand to knock, when he notices a piece of paper stuck in the door jamb. He pulls it out and glances at it.

43. INSERT: A NEATLY TYPED NOTE ON HALF A SHEET OF PAPER

If you come while I'm gone, make yourselves comfortable. Door's open.
Lisa

44. BACK TO MIKE AND CARLINO

After having read it, Mike hands it to Carlino who studies it, then gives it back with a shrug. Mike pushes open the door.

45. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM AFTERNOON

Mike enters, glances behind the door, then walks to the center of the room.

MIKE:
(calling loudly)
Lisa?...Lisa?

CARLINO:
What are you calling for?

Mike doesn't answer, but heads towards the bedroom, pushes the door open and goes in.

CARLINO:
(continuing)
She says she's not here, Mike. What're you calling for?

46. INT. BEDROOM AND BATHROOM AND
EXT. VIEW BACK YARD AFTERNOON (DAY)

Mike, as usual, isn't paying much attention to Carlino. He starts poking around the bedroom. He opens the door to the bathroom, sticks his head in: a neat array of towels and two robes hanging on hooks. He fingers them, grunts, and closes the door. Next he tries a closet door, which is locked. He feels above it for the key -- no key. Then he opens a few bureau drawers, poking at the neat piles of lingerie, gloves, et cetera. Finally he moves to the barred bedroom window, peers out at a dirty back yard, then crosses back to the living room.

47. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

Carlino has been prowling around too. As Mike comes in, he is examining an elaborate darkroom set-up that occupies an entire wall next to the kitchen area.

MIKE:
Lisa doesn't live here.

CARLINO:
Yeah, I know. It's clean.

Mike goes to look at photographic equipment in b.g. as Carlino heads for refrigerator and opens it. The refrigerator motor immediately STARTS UP NOISILY (STORY POINT). Carlino pulls a banana off a shelf.

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

CARLINO:
"Never put bananas in the refrigerator... no, no, no, no!"

He peels down the banana and takes a satisfied bite. Then he carries cold cuts and mustard to the table and lays out a spread while Mike examines the darkroom. Above one wall is a large white pasteboard with enlargements pinned to it.

48. THE PHOTO DISPLAY CLOSE MOVING SHOT

In the center of the wall is a marvelous picture of a young woman: This is Susy Hendrix. Around this the CAMERA examines shots of assorted subjects. All high quality work. Beneath the others is a smaller snapshot of a group of Marines in combat rig. Across this is written "Coffee break. The 3rd in Korea. March 8, 1953." And over each Marine is a signature: "Pete, "George," "Thumper," "Buzz," etc.

49. WIDE SHOT

Carlino in f.g. sits at the table happily constructing a sandwich. Mike in b.g. is looking at a typewriter on darkroom table.

MIKE:
(who's come upon an idea he doesn't like)
Oh-oh!

CARLINO:
(looking up sharply)
What?

MIKE:
(pursuing his thought)
Oh-oh...

CARLINO:
(alarmed now)
What's the matter?

For answer, Mike goes over to Carlino and drops Lisa's note in Carlino's lap.

CARLINO:
(looking from the note to Mike)
So?

MIKE:
Since when can Lisa type?

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.)

CARLINO:
(coming to his feet)
Since never!

They are both heading for the door when there is a KNOCK. Carlino glances at Mike, and Mike takes immediate charge. He nods to door. Carlino doesn't wait a second, but moves behind the door. From the moment he stands up, there is nothing of the Fat Man about Carlino; he moves light on his toes and fast. Mike has gone in the opposite direction to stand as far from the door as possible and attract attention to himself... The KNOCK is repeated. Neither man moves a muscle.

Then the door handle turns, and the door swings in as though by its own weight... Standing perfectly still in the dim light is the figure of a man. The light from behind illuminates his hair, and reflections catch in his tinted glasses, making two ovals for eyes. We have seen the effect before, at the airport. This is ROAT. Now, in the darkened hall, we cannot clearly identify his face. A long, black coat is thrown about his shoulders, and under one arm he carries a limp bulk that drags on the floor. He doesn't move to step inside; he just stands, waiting.

MIKE:
(squinting into the semi-dark)
You want something?

ROAT:
(quietly)
You, Mr. Talman.

The words from this silhouette have such an odd effect that Mike doesn't reply immediately. And, in the pause, Roat leans to one side until his face is right next to the crack by the door hinges. When he speaks, it is in a whisper:

ROAT:
And you, Sergeant Carlino. I want you, too.
(turning back to the room so that the light catches his face, he smiles a smile of pure boyish innocence)
I want you both. And I've come to buy you.

With that Roat comes into the room dragging his bundle with him. As he starts down the stairs, he speaks without turning or pausing.

ROAT:
If you'd just lock the door, please, Sergeant Carlino.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont. 1)
Carlino looks at Mike, who takes a moment before he nods slowly. Carlino closes the door.

ROAT:
(without turning)
Good.

Roat sits on the sofa, depositing his bundle before him. It is an old rug, which he starts to unroll without looking at the two men. From the roll, he removes a canvas zip-bag. This he unzips, and from it takes a glass Mason jar which he opens and places beside him on the sofa. Then he takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and lights one while he talks, carefully using the jar as an ashtray.

ROAT:
(gesturing to chairs)
Mr. Talman.... Sergeant Carlino...

CARLINO:
Don't call me Sergeant.

ROAT:
Why? Are you a touchy man?

CARLINO:
Just don't call me Sergeant.

Roat stares expressionlessly at Carlino for a moment, then:

ROAT:
No matter... Sit. Sit. We'll have a little chat.

MIKE:
To start with -- Who are you?

ROAT:
(as if it explained everything)
Harry Roat, Jr.
(and to further clear things up)
From Scarsdale.

CARLINO:
Scarsdale?

ROAT:
You don't like Scarsdale?
(Carlino isn't getting it)
Well, it isn't what it was when we were boys.
(smiling around)
Shall we have weapons on the table?

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont. 2)

MIKE:
We'll have explanations first.

Roat nods at this sensible suggestion.

ROAT:
This goes back a little.

MIKE:
So go back a little.

ROAT:
...Once upon a time...there was a fairy princess named...Lisa. And she had two very good friends.
(a gesture)
...who shall be nameless. And these three were fond of performing little dramas for select audiences. Their most memorable roles were Outraged Husband and Detective breaking in upon Guilty Wife in the arms of her lover. Or vice versa; they were adaptable...The Detective -- it's worth mentioning -- was particularly convincing in his performance. But then he had had previous on-the-job training.

CARLING:
Oooo, man, you're a charmer...

ROAT
Things went trippingly with our three heroes until one day a certain stock-broker - a Charles F. Parker, wasn't it? -- got nasty. Then, our poor heroes went to jail. Or two of them did. The princess escaped.

MIKE:
What's the point?

ROAT:
Well...the princess would like to do something nicefor her two nameless friends now that they're back in circulation again.

MIKE:
Yeah? What does she want?

ROAT:
A doll. For which she'll pay...handsomely -- Now may we have weapons on the table?

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont. 3)

CARLINO:
I'm clean.

ROAT:
Scout's honor?

Carlino glances at Mike.

ROAT:
Lisa says you favor brass, Sergeant.
(indicating Carlino's coat pocket)
That looks a little lumpy.

Carlino reaches into his pocket and removes a set of brass knuckles. Roat pats the table before him and Carlino places the knuckles there.

ROAT:
While you...
(turns to Mike)

Mike appears almost amused by this bit of business; he is certainly willing to go along with it at the moment -- for, without ado, he takes a folded straight razor (wrapped in cardboard) from his pocket and puts it on the table.

MIKE:
And you?
(Roat looks inquiringly)
What's your favorite toy?

Roat takes a thin ivory statue of a girl from his pocket.

ROAT:
Geraldine.

CARLINO:
What does she do?

50. INSERT: GERALDINE

A slender switch blade licks out and in like a tongue.

51. BACK TO WIDE SHOT

MIKE:
Then, may we have Geraldine on the table, too?

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

ROAT:
(collecting the razor and knuckles and putting them in his pocket with "Geraldine")
We may not.

CARLINO:
Why the hell not?

ROAT:
She's the referee.

Carlino looks at Mike, and Mike does a bored look -- forget it.

ROAT:
(continuing)
Well, now... Lisa will pay you two thousand dollars each -- for a few hours' work. Interested?

A glance between Mike and Carlino. Roat gets up and strolls away.

MIKE:
What's the work?

ROAT:
(at washing machine)
Finding Lisa's doll.

MIKE:
You're serious?

ROAT:
Yes.

MIKE:
What kind of doll?

Roat has drawn from the basket of wash a nylon slip, and now he holds it delicately in one hand, and in an almost foppish manner, waves it beneath his nose, scenting it. It is a deliberately perverted gesture. He answers without turning.

ROAT:
An ordinary doll. A child's doll.

MIKE:
What's in it?

51 (Cont. 1)
Roat doesn't answer that one; he just shrugs elaborately and lets the slip fall back into the basket.

MIKE:
Do we hurt anybody?

ROAT:
(coming back to sit)
Not a fly. Do you care?

MIKE:
No.

CARLINO:
(to Mike)
What do you think?

MIKE:
(as if Roat weren't there)
What's to think? He's a creep.

CARLINO:
Yeah, baby, not like us.

He grins happily, so you don't quite know how he means it.

52. FLASH CUT CHOKER ROAT

His eyes flick to Mike and the smile never leaves his face.

53. BACK TO WIDE SHOT

MIKE:
We'll want an advance. Two-fifty. Each.

ROAT:
(digging in his bag)
Lisa and I thought five hundred.
(tossing a roll of bills to each man)
Each.

Carlino undoes his bills and counts them.

MIKE:
Why so generous?

ROAT:
So you don't ask what's in the doll.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)
Mike and Carlino glance at each other: "Big deal."

MIKE:
So now we know what's in the doll.

ROAT:
"Win one, lose one."

CARLINO:
(handing bills to Mike)
These are straight.

Mike takes them from him and gives him the other packet.

MIKE:
What do we do?

ROAT:
What you always do, Mr. Talman, lie and cheat and
(a gesture)
play act.

MIKE:
Go on.

Carlino has checked the second roll. He nods to Mike.

ROAT:
Lisa gave the doll to a man named Hendrix. She met him on a plane from Montreal.

CARLINO:
(joining in discussion)
Lisa's friendly.

MIKE:
(paying no attention to Carlino)
Why?

ROAT:
I think someone was waiting for her she hadn't expected -- and Mr. Hendrix brought it home. Here.

Mike and Carlino have begun to realize they are on alien soil. Mike is concerned and Carlino wants out.

MIKE:
Here? Who's Hendrix?

53 (Cont. 1)

ROAT:
Nobody. Mr. Clean. A photographer.

MIKE:
Looks to me like there's a wife, too. Where's she?

ROAT:
Out. Not back yet.

CARLINO:
(really nervous and jittery)
This is a hell of a place to talk.

ROAT:
Don't panic, Sergeant.

MIKE:
Why not?

ROAT:
Because it's arranged... It's all arranged.

MIKE:
By you.

ROAT:
(a modest smile)
The photographer is waiting in his studio to photograph a Miss Liciana. Just a little while ago, her male secretary phoned... very efficient...very humble...
(relishing the bit)
grovelingly polite...to explain that she, ah, had been...delayed...

CARLINO:
You're terrific.

MIKE:
He's a big talent. Next question, Mr. Answer Man, who left the door open?

54. SHOT ROAT

Roat points to himself.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
And how'd you get in?

Roat reaches into his breast pocket to remove a sliver of plastic which he holds up for all to see.

55. BACK TO WIDE SHOT

MIKE:
I don't like the whole bit.

ROAT:
Sorry about that...Now, last night, Lisa called about the doll. But Mr. Hendrix couldn't find it. He looked all over, but he couldn't find it. Doesn't that strike you odd?

MIKE:
Uh huh.

ROAT:
It strikes me odd, too, Mr. Talman.

CARLINO:
Was he lying?

ROAT:
I haven't the faintest idea. But we're going to find out... Now look around and familiarize yourself with the place. We're coming back tomorrow.

CARLINO:
(looking about him)
And the dolly's here? You sure?

ROAT:
Lisa and I searched earlier today. We didn't see it... It's here, though.

CARLINO:
(indicating safe)
Did you look in there?

Roat mouths the word "No."

CARLINO:
We don't work safes.

ROAT:
I know. But you talk.
(illustrating with his fingers "talk")
And that's why you've been invited to the party.
(Carlino still looks dumb)
To talk your way into that big black safe, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)
Carlino finally gets it... Roat smiles "See?"

MIKE:
There's a locked closet in the bedroom.

ROAT:
Not there. Just clothes.

MIKE:
How do you know?

ROAT:
I looked.

MIKE:
You got the key?

ROAT:
It's on the ledge above the door.

MIKE:
No it isn't.

ROAT:
Then they must have taken it with them.

MIKE:
Locked the closet when they don't bolt the door?

ROAT:
They're strange people. They lose dolls.

MIKE:
I think you just made a mistake.

And then everyone is very still.

MIKE:
(softly)
I'd like the key.

ROAT:
(whipping out his switch-blade knife and stepping toward Carlino)
All right, Fat Man -- through the door backwards and turn <u>that</u> way.

Mike, near the darkroom, spins round and grabs up a tripod which he flips to Carlino. Carlino spreads the legs and holds the tripod out, spikes first. Mike in the meantime has picked up a chair in one hand like a lion tamer. In the

55 (Cont. 1)
other, he takes a Rolleiflex on a long leather strap. Grasping this by the strap, he starts to swing it round and round, using it like a mace. As it swings, it whooshes rhythmically. And this is the only SOUND as the two men move slowly in on Roat. Roat, who has gone into a knife-fighter's crouch, watches them coming like two strange armed knights; when they are almost upon him, he just drops the knife without moving.

ROAT:
If you'd only said please ...

He reaches in his pocket and tosses key to Mike. Mike heads off to the bedroom, depositing the chair along the way. Carlino (without needing to be told) stands watch over Roat. Whenever Carlino and Mike are working together they're like one person. They don't need signals or looks or winks. They just function. Now Carlino holds the spikes of the tripod at Roat and motions him toward the sofa. Roat bows and complies.

56. INT. BEDROOM LATE AFTERNOON (DAY)

The failing afternoon light from the dingy back yard barely lights the bedroom windows. Mike flicks on the switch by the door which lights a table lamp by the bed. Then he goes to the closet and opens it with key.

57. INT. CLOSET LATE AFTERNOON (DAY)

In the raking light from the single bed lamp, the door swings silently open to disclose a row of hanging clothes. Above that is a shelf piled with shoe boxes. Poking out from beneath the clothes is a row of shoes. Very neat. Hanging down from above the door is a lamp cord. Mike pulls this, and a low wattage bulb dimly illuminates the interior, forming pools and shadows in the hollows between clothes.

58. CLOSEUP ROW OF SHOES

The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS row of shoes; miniature canyons in the dull light. Then the CAMERA TILTS UP diagonally across the rows of clothes; PANS to end of row.

59. CLOSEUP THE TOP OF THE ROW OF CLOTHES

Mike's hands reach in between the two central hangers, pause for an instant, then brush them aside with the SCREECH of metal hangers on metal rod. The white wall of the closet shows through. The next instant, Mike is pushing the hangers

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)
from the left. They SCREECH along the rod, exposing the left corner of the closet. Pure white walls. Then, he yanks the hangers from the right corner, sending them SCREECHING along the rod. Nothing, only white walls. Then he is pushing the shoe boxes aside, reaching along the shelf behind them, searching.

60. SHOT FROM INSIDE THE CLOSET LOW ANGLE

SHOOTING out through the spread clothes, we see Mike drop to his knees and reach toward the CAMERA, pushing aside the rows of shoes, groping in the empty corners. And as he is bent over the shoes, a movement at one side of the screen catches our eye. The door is swinging silently shut behind him. The hinges are moving, and now the surface of the door swings into view, looming behind Mike. And on the door, like a side of beef, trussed up under her arms by a belt and hung on a brass hook, is Lisa. Her eyes are open, staring at the CAMERA. Her head lolls to one side. No blood. Dead. As Mike straightens up, he senses the movement behind him and spins around.

61. CHOKER MIKE

The light from above cuts his face into gashes. The breath hisses through his teeth.

62. INT. LIVING ROOM LATE AFTERNOON (DAY)

The light from the window is failing. The Tiffany lamp casts a cheerful glow as far as it goes, but the entrance and fireplace area are dark except where the bedroom light projects a rectangle on the floor. Carlino has turned to look at the bedroom. Roat sits on the couch with his back to the bedroom door waiting to see what kind of fuss there is going to be. Mike appears at the bedroom door. He is pale and very nearly sick. He won't talk to Roat or look at him.

MIKE:
(to Carlino)
Go look.

Carlino hands Mike the tripod and vanishes into the bedroom.

ROAT:
(his back to Mike)
She was trespassing, Mike. Poaching.

A low whistle comes from Carlino in the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

ROAT:
She was going into business for herself. Bad news, Mike. Things like that go on, what do we have? Anarchy. No sense of order, no discipline. Bad news.

Carlino appears at the door looking ghastly.

CARLINO:
(to Mike)
Out.

Without another word, both men start up the steps.

ROAT:
Haven't you forgotten something?

MIKE:
We just earned the money.

Mike has one hand on the door sill and the other on the door-knob when Roat speaks again. Carlino is halfway up the stairs, his hand on the rail.

ROAT:
I mean your fingerprints...

Carlino, on the stairs, takes his hand off the banister as if it was red-hot.

ROAT:
They're everywhere...

Mike, by the door, turns from Roat to stare at his hand on the door sill.

63. CLOSEUP MIKE'S HAND

Mike's hand remains motionless on the sill.

ROAT'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Even if you could remember everything you touched, it would take you hours to wipe them up.

Mike's hand slowly rubs forward to blur the fingerprints as Roat talks on.

64. WIDE SHOT

Roat is screwing the top on the little jar that has served him as an ashtray.

ROAT:
...If you can't remember...days.

He drops the jar into his pocket and taking out his handkerchief wipes the coffee table while he talks.

ROAT:
I've only touched one thing since I came in here.
(straightening up and tucking his handkerchief into his pocket)
And now it's clean. Like me. No police record. No known association with Lisa. Nothing, in fact.

Carlino has taken a pillow from the sofa, and with this clumsy device is wiping the banisters. He works his way along toward the kitchen. Then he remembers the safe and starts for it.

ROAT:
I could let you go -- and what would happen? I'd just evaporate...but you?... bad news. -- Don't forget the ice box, Sergeant.

Carlino turns bewildered.

MIKE:
Knock that off, Carlino!
(and to Roat)
We can prove where we were when this happened.

ROAT:
Oh? When did it happen? Just before you let me in...?

There is a pause while Mike realizes he's had it. Carlino is standing absurdly with the pillow in his hand.

MIKE:
(slowly)
So?

ROAT:
So if you do exactly what I tell you there'll be no police -- There'll be no problems.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

MIKE:
Go on.

ROAT:
First, get her out of here. Roll her up in this.
(kicks old rug)
I've got a Volkswagen van by the corner. I'll bring it up front.

MIKE:
Why not the back, where there's less publicity?

ROAT:
There's no back door.
(nudges rug again)
We'll dump her where I got this.

MIKE:
She'll be found.

ROAT:
I hope so. All she's got on her is a hotel key. When they check they'll find she's Mrs. Harry Roat, Jr. from...
(gestures)

MIKE:
...Scarsdale.
(a brief unlovely smile)
This changes things a little, you know.
(takes out his roll of bills and holds them up)

ROAT:
I can see that. We'll discuss it later.

MIKE:
We'll discuss it now. It was two each -- now it's four each.

ROAT:
Shhh!

They listen. The front gate CLICKS, and beyond the window a woman's feet and skirt can be seen entering the outside vestibule. She has an umbrella in her hand. As the men watch, she moves past the window. Then there is the SOUND of the outer entry door opening and footsteps coming down the hallway corridor. Carlino tiptoes quickly to the bedroom and switches off the light. He starts to duck in when Roat signals him to stand to one side. Mike picks up the tripod and backs behind the door.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont. 1)

ROAT:
(in a whisper)
She's alone...stay dead still...don't breathe...

There is the SOUND of a key in the lock, and as the lock is turning, Mike's hand darts across the door flicking the light switch that turns off the Tiffany lamp, and the apartment is dipped into early evening gloom. The next instant the door clicks open letting in the light from the corridor.

With the light comes SUSY HENDRIX. She is dressed gaily and attractively. She hangs her umbrella and pocketbook over the newel post, calling as she does.

SUSY:
Sam?

65. CHOKER MIKE AT ONE SIDE OF THE DOOR

Nothing but his eyes move from Susy to Roat.

66. CHOKER ROAT

brings a finger up sharply to indicate absolute silence.

67. THE LANDING SHOOTING PAST MIKE TO SUSY

who has her back to Mike. She calls again.

SUSY:
Sam?

Getting no answer, she makes a face, then trots down the stairs.

68. WIDE SHOT FAVORING BEDROOM DOOR

Roat and Carlino stand like statues. Susy comes off the steps, walks past Carlino to bedroom door and pokes her head in.

SUSY:
Sam, you there?
(no answer; so she supplies one in a deep baritone)
No, Susy, I'm not here.

Then she feels the light switch, checking that it's off, and crosses towards table. Carlino and Roat exchange glances.

69. WIDE SHOT FROM DARKROOM

Susy in f.g., the three men frozen b.g. Susy is reaching for the clock above the darkroom.

70. INSERT: CLOCK AND SUSY'S HANDS

There is no glass covering the face of the clock. Susy's hands feel the hands of the clock.

71. CLOSE SHOT SUSY AND CLOCK

Susy is not looking at the clock, but "feeling" the time.

72-74. SERIES OF SHOTS CHOKER MIKE, CARLINO, ROAT

watching Susy. Now all of them know she's blind.

75. WIDE SHOT FAVORING SUSY

Susy carefully straightens the clock on shelf and goes to table. In b.g. Roat soundlessly goes to his knees and starts to pull the rolled rug to the wall so it will be out of the way. Susy has the phone in her hands. She stops and cocks her ear.

SUSY:
Gloria?

76. CLOSE SHOT ROAT AND CARLINO

Roat on knees, freezes. Carlino behind him bites his lip and doesn't move.

77. BACK TO SUSY

She is listening. Silence. Then she lifts receiver and starts to dial, running her fingers rapidly over the face of the phone. In b.g. no one moves. Phone RINGS on FILTER.

NOTE: The telephone convention used here is as follows: When someone is speaking on the phone in CLOSEUP, with the receiver big in SHOT, we can hear what he hears (i.e., the other voice ON FILTER); when anyone is speaking on the phone in the b.g. of a LONG SHOT, we can only hear what someone else as distant as the CAMERA could hear (i.e., a one-sided conversation). This convention is observed throughout the film.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

SAM'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Hendrix here.

SUSY:
(smiling)
Hendrix here, too.

SAM'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Hi.

SUSY:
Just thought I'd call to tell you I was the best in blind school today.

In b.g. Roat again starts to ease the rug across the floor.

SAM'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
That's my girl.

SUSY:
I really, truly was. Cross my heart.

SAM'S VOICE:
(FILTER; laughing)
I believe you.

SUSY:
Then can I tap my way over to the studio and --

SAM'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Not now, I'm afraid. Some female with the unlikely name of Liciana is due any minute for a portrait sitting.

SUSY:
(a bit dejected)
That's all right, I'll wait for you here, then.

78. SHOT MIKE, CARLINO AND ROAT

Mike and Carlino both look at Roat, who is watching Susy.

79. CLOSEUP SUSY AT PHONE

SAM'S VOICE:
(FILTER; catching Susy's deflated tone)
Look, I tell you what -- This Liciana character is already late... I'll stick around a little longer, then --

SUSY:
So, can I come over and wait for you in the coffee shop downstairs? Is that all right, Sam?

SAM'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Sure, honey.

SUSY:
It won't be hard to find me. I'll be the one reading Peter Rabbit in Braille.

SAM'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
'Bye.

She hangs up and starts for stairs.

80. GO WITH SUSY

Halfway to the stairs she stops. For a moment she listens, then --

SUSY:
Gloria?
(a pause; she is staring at Carlino)
Come on... I know you're there...

81. CHOKER CARLINO

He doesn't look as if he'll ever breathe again.

82. WIDE SHOT FAVORING SUSY

For a moment longer she listens -- then realizing she's wrong she starts up the steps. Mike flattens against the wall. Then she stops, and whirls around and heads rapidly towards the bedroom.

83. *GO WITH SUSY*

Susy crosses the living room. Halfway to the bedroom she bumps hard into the chair that Mike moved earlier.

SUSY:
Ow, damn it.
(plonking it down where it belongs)
You're supposed to be there!

Then she moves on and disappears into the bedroom.

84. INT. BEDROOM

Susy goes straight to the closet and pulls open the door. It opens wide, carrying Lisa's body with it, swaying slightly at the movement. Susy reaches into the closet, running her hand along the row of clothes. Then she frowns at the disarray. Behind her, the hinges begin to swing closed.

85. SERIES OF CLOSEUPS

One face after another, each listening, waiting in his own way: Carlino...Mike...Roat.

86. INT. BEDROOM

Susy is sorting through the coats. The door with Lisa is swinging into view. Susy straightens, sensing the movement, and sticks her foot to one side to catch it.

SUSY:
No, you don't.

With one foot braced against the door base, she pulls a blue checkered trench coat off the rack and slips it on.

87. *INT. CLOSET*

SHOOTING PAST the body of Lisa to the open door. Susy feels on the door above Lisa's head and lifts a scarf from the hook. The length of wool as it runs off the hook loosens Lisa's hair, pulling it across her face.

88. *INT. LIVING ROOM*

Susy comes out of the bedroom, walking between Roat and Carlino. She hurries up the stairs, tucking the scarf around her neck, opens the door, and is gone. For a moment there is silence, then Carlino deflates with a noisy sigh.

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

ROAT:
...Well, Mr. Hendrix won't wait forever. Shall we go to work, children?

The RATTLE of Susy's cane along the window bars stills them, and all three turn to watch Susy pass out the gate.

MIKE:
Two plus two. Four thousand each.

89. SHOT ROAT

ROAT:
Two plus two, Mr. Talman.

While he is talking, Roat has removed from his pocket what looks like rolled up cellophane. Now he opens it and draws on cellophane gloves.

ROAT:
(holding up his cellophane encased hands)
Highly recommended. Disposable. You buy them in enormous rolls from Hammacher Schlemmer.

90. WIDE SHOT MIKE AND CARLINO IN F.G.

Roat disappears into the bedroom from whence comes the SOUND of a door opening, and a second later the SOUND of something being dragged across the floor. Mike and Carlino look at each other as the SOUND nears them: they are committed and on the edge of something ugly.

CARLINO:
(meaning much more)
Trouble.

MIKE:
Trouble.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

91. EXT. HENDRIX HOUSE DAY (SATURDAY)

It is a wintry day. Coming out the door and down the stoop, juggling a pair of skis and suitcase is SHATNER, a young man in ski jacket. If his grace on the stairs is any indication, he isn't going to win any gold medals on the slopes.

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

SHATNER:
(as he stuffs his skis into an M.G., catching his finger in ski binding)
Ouch!

At this moment, Susy comes up from the lower entrance carrying a "B. Altman" shopping bag full of rubbish.

SHATNER:
(continuing)
Oh, hi, Susy - hey, let me help you with that mess.

Shaking his throbbing fingers, he moves to help her squeeze the bag into one of the large metal garbage bins on the sidewalk.

SUSY:
You're a lovely cavalier, Shatner... But don't tell Sam you helped - okay? ...I'm really supposed to be learning total self-sufficiency. And come down for a drink tonight, why don't you?

SHATNER:
Can't. I'm off to Vermont for a couple of days of chasing stretch-pants.
(starts back to his car)
By the way --
(shoves skis over to make room for himself)
I haven't been able to get in touch with our slum-lord all day...and my skylight is still broken...If you see him --

SUSY:
We never see him. He's owed us a new refrigerator since we moved in, so he doesn't come around much.
(Shatner just makes a clucking noise and scrunches himself into the car)
Don't let it get you down. Have a good weekend, and we'll form a tenants' committee or something jazzy like that on Monday.

SHATNER:
Some committee: me, you, Sam and Ruth. Ah well, ciao!

With a terrible mismanagement of gears, Shatner grinds off. Susy goes back down to the Hendrix' apartment.

92. INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY DAY

Susy moves from the daylight into the dimly-illuminated hallway. At her own door she knocks.

SAM'S VOICE:
(from within)
Susy?

SUSY:
No. Captain Marvel. Safe to open the door?

SAM'S VOICE:
(after brief pause)
Right.

93. INT. HENDRIX' APARTMENT LIVING ROOM DAY

Susy comes in. The apartment is blacked out except for a pool of amber glow where Sam is working in his darkroom.

SAM:
Want to give a hand, darling?

SUSY:
Sure...
(she's in a gay mood, moves easily across blackened room to him)
Who're you doing?

SAM:
Gloria. I promised the prints would be done today...and I've got to go to Asbury Park this afternoon.

94. TWO SHOT SUSY AND SAM

Susy is by his side now, and as they talk, she assists him in such an easy manner that we know this is a familiar routine. During the following, they print enlargements.

SUSY:
Asbury Park...? But I thought --
(she stops herself)

SAM:
Sorry, honey, but I only this second found out.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

SUSY:
(quickly)
That's all right. I just had something silly planned.

SAM:
Will it hold 'til tomorrow?

SUSY:
Oh, sure.

SAM:
Some guy phoned from a chemical company. They saw that Sunday Times' spread of mine and want me to make their new factory look like the U.N. Night shot, glamor lighting, the whole bit. Anyway, as he said himself, they're paying handsomely.

SUSY:
Could I come with you?

SAM:
Sure, but I'll be home much quicker if you don't.

SUSY:
(in unison, miming him)
...but I'll be home much quicker if you don't...cha-cha-cha.

For a moment, Susy goes on helping Sam, then:

SUSY:
Suppose I were to get chopped up in little grisly pieces and dumped in the river...?
(Sam engrossed in fine points of photography doesn't really hear her. She goes on, drama creeping into her voice)
...little tiny pieces that no one could possibly recognize as having been a poor defenseless old blind lady whose husband was off in Asbury Park...a poor --

SAM:
Get the enlarger, will you?

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont. 1)

SUSY:
(feeling for switch)
Well, there was a murder right around here, you know...
(enlarger goes on)
They found the body early this morning... it was a lady from Scarsdale...I heard it on the radio. You're not listening, Sam.

SAM:
Sure I am. They found a body...like they do all the time in New York.

SUSY:
Not in the parking lot practically next door they don't!!

SAM:
(switching enlarger off)
You're making it up, Susy.

SUSY:
No, I'm not. I promise. I heard it on the radio. Really I did. And the police haven't got the first notion who did it...Pretty spooky, don't you think, Sammy?

SAM:
It's a ploy to make me stay home. Okay, windows.

SUSY:
Want the ceiling light?

SAM:
Yes. It's getting a bit gloomy.

SUSY:
(going to wall switch)
Well, there was a murdered woman found -- from Scarsdale -- and that's a true fact.

SAM:
And you're afraid for your life -- that's a true fact?

SUSY:
No, but I thought it was worth a try...

DISSOLVE TO:

95. EXT. ST. LUKE'S PLACE HIGH ANGLE SHOT AFTERNOON (DAY)

Through the bare trees we see the Hendrix' house. Lights at the second floor and basement windows. The rest dark. The twigs of the trees clack against one another in the wind. It is a grey wintry day.

96. EXT. ST. LUKE'S PLACE & HUDSON ST. LOW ANGLE SHOT AFTERNOON (DAY)

The wind blows a scattering of debris across the empty street. Somewhere an ash-can top is blown off and RATTLES to the pavement. The Hendrix' house is clearly visible in the row of houses. CAMERA PANS PAST an empty phone booth on the corner and COMES TO REST on a parked Volkswagen van. Exhaust fumes rise from the tailpipe. The windows are fogged. A window is lowered and a cigarette butt comes out. A billow of smoke follows, then the window rolls back up again.

97. INT. VOLKSWAGEN VAN AFTERNOON (DAY)

Mike and Carlino sit in the back of the van. Carlino on the jump seat facing rear. Roat is in the driver's seat, his back to the others. After a beat, Carlino breaks the silence.

CARLINO:
You sure he'll go?

ROAT:
Uh huh.

CARLINO:
How do you know?

ROAT:
Because he said he would.

CARLINO:
Yeah, well if he doesn't hurry he'll miss the bus. Boy, some day for a schlep out to Asbury Park.

ROAT:
He's got time.

Carlino makes a face to Roat's back, and turning, settles himself to wait.

98. INT. HENDRIX' APARTMENT CLOSEUP CLOCK FACE AFTERNOON (DAY)

Susy's hand is on the clock. It is 4:25. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Susy turning from clock. Sam is packing his photo equipment pouch: his action continues through the following.

SUSY:
What time does your bus leave?

SAM:
Five.

SUSY:
Then I guess you don't have time for a cup of coffee?

SAM:
Nope. But thanks.

SUSY:
Will you call me and let me know when you'll be back?

SAM:
The second I get there. Promise -- Oh, and if that doll woman phones, tell her I haven't found it yet. Let Gloria look around for it while she's down here. The thing must be somewhere.

SUSY:
I don't want Gloria today, Sam. I don't need her.

SAM:
Yes, you do. To do your shopping.

SUSY:
No Gloria!

She knocks a pepper shaker onto the floor with an impatient wave of her hand, and Sam looks up in surprise at her sudden outburst. Susy waits, hoping Sam will pick up the shaker. He doesn't.

SUSY:
Give me a hint?

SAM:
You can find it by yourself. If you couldn't, I'd tell you.

Susy gets down and starts to feel for the shaker.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

SAM:
What have you got against Gloria?

SUSY:
(as she feels about)
A lot...her main problem is she's in love with you, which makes me the villain of the piece.

SAM:
Come off it, Susy, she's a kid...
More to your left.

SUSY:
(mumbling)
I'd much rather have a dog.

SAM:
Dogs can't shop at the supermarket.

SUSY:
They can't rearrange the furniture so I'll trip over it either.
(gets up with shaker)
That's her latest hobby. I nearly broke my leg last night.
(no reaction)
And I think she's sneaking cigarettes too. Yesterday I smelled smoke when I came in here.

SAM:
Come on, Susy, take it easy...
(lights cigarette and reaches for his raincoat)
Her father's taken off again, and Mother Ruth has flitted out for a weekend of Fun-And-Games uptown... Poor old Gloria gets slammed around like a Ping-pong ball. On top of that, she's wearing glasses for the first time,
(heading for icebox)
and some of the kids are giving her a hard time. Calling her the monster from outer space or some such...
(takes power pack from icebox, which sets up its usual roar)
The icebox needs defrosting, honey. But my way this time. It's more practical. Take boiling water and --

SUSY:
And if I burn both my hands off your way?

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont. 1)

SAM:
(putting cigarette in ashtray)
Don't. Unguentine's in the emergency drawer...and if the weather's okay, try walking over to the studio and back. No cheating.

SUSY:
(bursting out)
Do I have to be the world's champion blind lady?

SAM:
Yes.

There is a moment's pause while Susy takes that in. When she speaks, it is quietly.

SUSY:
...All right, Sam, then I will be... I'll be whatever you want me to be... Just tell me what you want...and then that's what I'll be...

SAM:
(gently)
Susy...

SUSY:
I mean it.

SAM:
(quieting her)
Shhhh...I don't want you ever to be anything but Susy. Because that's the way I love you.

SUSY:
Do you, Sam?

SAM:
Better'n black-eyed peas, fat-back'n cornbread.
(Susy beams, and Sam kisses her again)
Want me to stay home?

SUSY:
Uh huh...but go to work, anyway, and I'll clean up around here... When you get back, there I'll be all scrubbed and polished.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont. 2)

SAM:
Sure it's okay?

SUSY:
Sure.

SAM:
(grabbing up his photo stuff)
Then I gotta rush.

SUSY:
(as Sam reaches the door)
Oh, just tell me one thing. Where does the icebox plug into the wall?

SAM:
You'll find it -- And no fair asking Gloria either.

SUSY:
Are you looking at me, Sam?

SAM:
Uh huh.

Susy sticks out her tongue at him. Sam laughs.

SAM:
'Bye, dope.

SUSY:
'Bye, dope.

And he is gone.

99. EXT. HENDRIX' HOUSE AND STREET AFTERNOON (DAY)

Sam comes out of the basement, pulling his coat up around his neck and walks OFF SCREEN.

100. ST. LUKE'S PLACE CORNER AFTERNOON (DAY)

Sam comes into FRAME and steps down off curb, signaling for a taxi.

101. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE VAN AND STREET

Sam is not ten feet from the parked van. The windows are dark and nothing is visible within. In any case, Sam pays no attention to it, his energies being directed to waving down a cab which is coming along the street. The cab swoops in to pick him up, splashing him with a puddle in the polite manner of New York cabbies.

SAM:
Thanks a heap, buddy.

He climbs in, slams the door and the cab pulls off. After the cab has gone, the CAMERA PUSHES INTO CLOSEUP of open side window of van. Roat's face is darkly visible inside.

ROAT:
(quietly)
Now, Mr. Talman. Time for your soft-shoe.
(there is a movement beyond him in the van, which he stills with a hand)
And don't forget there's a fat pink kid running around the house. She wears glasses.

102. INT. HENDRIX' LIVING ROOM CLOSEUP ASHTRAY

Sam's cigarette, where he left it in the ashtray on the safe, is only partly snuffed out. Now it is beginning to smoke as it contacts a discarded piece of paper. SOUND: Susy's voice *OFF singing* to herself. "One for my Baby, and one more for the road..."

103. WIDE SHOT THE LIVING ROOM FROM NEAR BEDROOM DOOR

The singing continues. CAMERA PANS from safe with smoking ashtray to bedroom door. Inside the bedroom, on the floor, is Susy. She is sorting laundry from a big wicker hamper.

104. INT. BEDROOM SUSY

She has three neat piles by the hamper. One for towels, one for Sam's shirts, and one for lingerie. She sorts with expertise and is only confused once, very briefly, by a terry-cloth pullover of Sam's. Now, she puts the shirts back in the hamper, the lingerie on top, and gets up with the bundle of towels.

105. INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Susy comes through the door carrying the towels, heading for the washing machine. Shifting the load in her arms, she also shifts her mood - segueing into a sort-of-calypso version. Just as she starts to put the new rhythm into her walk, she stops cold.

106. INSERT: THE ASHTRAY

The cigarette smokes furiously.

107. CHOKER SUSY

Staring straight into nowhere, her face is frozen with alarm. Tentatively -- as if she dare not -- she sniffs. Again she sniffs.

108. GO WITH SUSY

She plunges madly forward toward the phone and, off course in her panic, slams hard into an upholstered chair...mutters a small frightened SOUND...and whirls around.

SUSY:
(panicked)
Sam! Gloria! Somebody! -- Please somebody!

109. WIDE SHOT OVER PHONE TOWARD DOOR

Susy turns, trying to pinpoint the smell. Now, still clutching the towels, she bolts for the steps; she bumps against the end of the railing, knocking the towels from her arms. Stumbling, she spins around, reaching out and finds the phone. Just able to control herself, she dials. Phone RINGS on FILTER. There is a CLICK and a pause, during which Susy tries <u>not</u> to go berserk in the face of the fire.

MAN'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Fire Department.

SUSY:
(over-riding)
Hello! ... Fire Department?

MAN'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Yes. May I have -- ?

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

SUSY:
Please come to -- Hello?

MAN'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Yes, ma'am, I'm here.

SUSY:
There's something burning, and I'm blind and I can't locate it and it's getting worse! Could you --

MAN'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Your address -- Give me your address, please.

SUSY:
Oh, of course, yes, it's 27B -

The hall bell RINGS.

SUSY:
(continuing)
Wait! I think someone's here!
(banging phone on table, not hanging up, she rushes to the door, calling:)
Come in! Come in!

110. ANOTHER ANGLE

Susy runs up the steps and gets to the top just as Mike, hearing her call, enters. He is dressed, under his raincoat, quite junior executive, and is carrying a package. The moment Mike speaks, we see he is performing -- and it's a good performance. Gone is the flat, professional tone he had earlier, and in its place is a friendliness and openness which is really quite engaging.

MIKE:
Mrs. Hendrix? My name's Tal-

SUSY:
There's a fire somewhere -- can you..?

MIKE:
(as Susy trips over towels)
Look out!
(catches her and steadies her)
Okay?

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

SUSY:
Can you see it anywhere? I'm blind and can't...

MIKE:
Got it. Don't worry.
(goes to safe and takes ashtray to sink, leaving package on safe)
It's only a cigarette butt...the filter and a bit of wrapper are making all the smoke.

SUSY:
Put it --
(hears him running water)
Oh, thank you... Where was it?

MIKE:
On the, eh -- what is it, a safe?

SUSY:
In the corner? Yes -- I couldn't tell where it was coming from, you see... and smoke is -- Smoke isn't my favorite thing. I don't know you, do I?

MIKE:
No, Mrs. Hendrix. My name's Mike Talman. I used to know Sam.

SUSY:
(shaking his hand)
Well, I can't thank you enough for being here. I'm afraid you've missed Sam, though. And he won't be back 'til later tonight.

MIKE:
That was stupid of me: I should've phoned. But I thought I'd take a chance, and maybe grab him for a quick beer.
(putting towels into her arms)
Better get these out from under foot.
(his manner is relaxed and friendly)

SUSY:
Thanks.

MIKE:
I haven't seen Sam for years, but some people you don't forget.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont. 1)

SUSY:
(carrying load to washer)
You don't forget Sam.

MIKE:
(easily)
I don't, anyway; he saved my life.

SUSY:
(turning)
How do you mean that?

MIKE:
I mean he saved my life.

SUSY:
(smiling)
That makes two of us.

MIKE:
(very friendly, open, warm)
That makes two of us, Mrs. Hendrix.

SUSY:
Susy.

MIKE:
Susy.

SUSY:
But you mean in the army or something?

MIKE:
(taking out a note-
book and glancing at it)
In the Marines, yes -- The 3rd Training Battalion...

MIKE:
...Charlie Company.

SUSY:
...Charlie Company!

Their chorus amuses them both.

MIKE:
Hasn't he ever told you about that?

SUSY:
No. Tell me!

MIKE:
You ask Sam.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont. 2)

SUSY:
No, please. He won't tell me.

Mike has begun prowling...looking at Sam's photographs (Marine and professional).

MIKE:
I think...you'd better ask Sam. He likes to do things his own way.

SUSY:
Oh, you're just as mean as he is!

MIKE:
(laughing, enjoying himself)
That's us. Mean Mike. Mean Sam.

SUSY:
(enjoying herself, too)
Well, you are... Would you like a drink, Mike Talman?

MIKE:
No, thanks -- Hey, are these Sam's? These pictures?

SUSY:
(proud)
Ummm.

MIKE:
I thought so. He used to - Hey! Here's one of me!
(he's looking at a photo of a fashion model)
Boy, I sure have put on a few pounds since those days. Did you know Sam then?

SUSY:
Oh no. We only met a year ago - not long after my accident.

MIKE:
You lost your sight in an accident?

SUSY:
(quite cheerfully)
Yes, a car crash. Really from the fire of the crash.
(plops a bunch of laundry into the machine)
Then, one day, I was practicing how to cross at the lights, and cars were piling up all around me like mad...and suddenly a man named Sam grabbed me. And that was that!

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont. 3)

The door opens and GLORIA looks in. She is a nine-year-old, and wears pale pink plastic-rimmed glasses which slant upwards -- a poor attempt to make the spectacles look prettier on her.

SUSY:
Gloria?
(to Mike)
Who is that?

MIKE:
A little girl.

He walks casually away from Gloria, so she won't get a good look at him.

SUSY:
Come in, Gloria.

Gloria disappears without answering.

MIKE:
She went out... Well, I'm sorry to have missed Sam. But I'm glad to have met you..
(starts upstairs, then stops)
You're very lovely. Sam's lucky.

SUSY:
So's Susy.

MIKE:
(looks at her a moment, then:)
Tell Sam I called. Next time I'm coming in from Phoenix, I'll drop a line first.

SUSY:
And thank you for ever and ever for putting out the - Oh, Lord!!

She hurries to the phone. Just as she begins talking on the phone, Mike opens the door. Gloria is standing outside. She stares at Mike with an unpleasant lack of expression. Mike quickly waves goodbye to Susy (which she cannot, of course, see) and is gone past the staring child.

111. CLOSE SHOT SUSY AT PHONE

SUSY:
(into phone)
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

111 (Cont.)

MAN'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
I have to have your address, ma'am...

SUSY:
Oh, you're still there! Listen, I can't tell you how sorry I am to have kept you all this time; you're wonderfully good to have stuck around...

MAN'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Did you find the fire?

SUSY:
Yes, yes, it's out. It was just a cigarette.

MAN'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
You okay, then, ma'am?

SUSY:
Yes, thank you, I'm fine -- everything is now -- and... 'Bye.
(hangs up)
Oh how awful! Mike?

GLORIA'S VOICE:
(off)
Who's Mike?

112. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

Gloria is standing at the bottom of stairs.

SUSY:
Oh, hi, Gloria.

GLORIA:
(moving very quietly)
Who was that man?

SUSY:
(annoyed by Gloria's voice having moved, though she hasn't heard the child move)
Mr. Talman. A friend of Sam's from the Marines. You wouldn't know him, dear.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

GLORIA:
I see. Is the grocery list ready? The supermarket closes at seven, y'know.

SUSY:
It's by the phone. And five dollars. Can you see it?

GLORIA:
Uh huh.

SUSY:
And, Gloria?

GLORIA:
Umm?

SUSY:
Maybe you could give me a hand with the icebox when you come back. I've got to defrost it while Sam's away --

Wasting no time, Gloria brushes by Susy, switches the refrigerator to "defrost" and, leaving the refrigerator door open, starts towards the stairs.

SUSY:
Gloria? What did you do then?

GLORIA:
Switched it to defrost, of course.

SUSY:
No, that's not how it's done.

GLORIA:
It is, too. I've done it for Mother hundreds of times.

SUSY:
Your mother's refrigerator is a modern one; this one's ancient. So we have to do it Sam's way. We have to take everything out and --

GLORIA:
Okay, do it Sam's way then. I'll go to the A. & P.

SUSY:
(as Gloria reaches stairs)
Did you close the door?

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont. 1)
Gloria glances from open icebox door to Susy.

GLORIA:
Yes.

SUSY:
I didn't hear it shut.

GLORIA:
Okay, then, it's open.

SUSY:
Shut it, please.

For a very long moment Gloria stands there, trying to make up her mind how she'll take this order.

GLORIA:
Close it yourself.. You're nearer.

SUSY:
Gloria - close the door.

Gloria walks soundlessly down the stairs, so that when she speaks it is from one side of Susy and just out of reach. Her voice, from this unexpected quarter, makes Susy jump.

GLORIA:
No.

113. SHOT SUSY

SUSY:
(spinning around to the voice)
Gloria!

GLORIA'S VOICE:
(OFF)
No!

SUSY:
(turning again to voice, furious)
Listen, you little monster -- I'm not going to put up with you <u>one more minute</u>!

There is a CRASH of something hitting the floor and rolling across it.

SUSY:
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)
For answer, another CRASH.

SUSY:
Gloria, what are you doing?!

114. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE BOTH

Gloria is methodically pushing things onto the floor. Now she sends a vegetable collander bouncing. Then, an enamel coffee pot.

SUSY:
Gloria, do you hear me?!

A saucepan CLATTERS across the floor.

SUSY:
Gloria!

A pair of forks hit the floor, SKITTERING across it.

SUSY:
(feeling about)
Stop it! Stop it, stop it, stop it!

A metal ashtray BOUNDS across the floor, hits a wall, and falls to wobble slowly to a stop with the SOUND of a slow-dying metallic reverberation. Susy is holding onto the table. When the last echo from the ashtray has faded, she slowly gets down on her knees and starts to feel around for the scattered objects. It is an agonizing process to watch, for her hands just miss some things. Those she finds she collects into a little pile.

Gloria is now at foot of stairs, and she isn't happy.

GLORIA:
(quietly)
Just don't call me names... I don't call you names.

At the note in Gloria's voice, Susy looks up. Then she sits back amidst the debris and thinks for a moment. Then:

SUSY:
You're right.

Gloria is watching Susy carefully.

SUSY:
I shouldn't say things like that... It was wrong of me.

115. SHOT GLORIA

After a tiny pause, the girl shrugs.

GLORIA:
It's okay...

116. WIDE SHOT FAVORING SUSY

SUSY:
(impatient with herself)
No, it isn't okay! People shouldn't say things like that to each other. They're mean things, and people shouldn't say mean things... It's just I get terribly frightened sometimes. I'm not a very good blind lady, and I'm still not used to all this --
(gestures to room)
-- dark brown. I get cranky and impatient: and I know I look dreadful half the time, and --

GLORIA:
Oh, no, you're gorgeous!

SUSY:
(really quite surprised)
Oh -- what a lovely thing to say. Thank you, Gloria.
(retrieves another stray article)
But I do so wish I could do things... important things...like cook a souffle, or pick out a necktie, or choose wallpaper for the bedroom, or -- You know?

GLORIA:
Sure. I know. And I want to be gorgeous. Guess we can't have everything, huh?

117. SHOT SUSY

Susy is touched and tickled by the homely philosopher.

SUSY:
Guess not.

GLORIA:
(moving into FRAME)
I'm sorry, Susy. For being horrid.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

SUSY:
(hugging Gloria)
Me, too. For being a crank.

It is a sweet moment. Then:

SUSY:
Anything broken?

GLORIA:
(as Susy releases her)
Nothing. I only threw unbreakables.

SUSY:
That was crafty of you.

GLORIA:
I learned it from Daddy.

SUSY:
Okay, pumpkin, let's get this cleaned up, then you can hop off to the A. & P.

118. BACK TO WIDE SHOT

They both attend to the "unbreakables," Gloria collecting them, Susy stacking them on the table.

GLORIA:
Hey, watch out! There's a knife there.
(picks it up and hands it, handle first)

SUSY:
Thanks. You run along now. I'll put the things away, so I'll know where they are.

GLORIA:
Right.
(picks up list and money)
See you later!

119. MED. CLOSEUP GO WITH GLORIA INTO CORRIDOR

She bounds up stairs, out the door, and around the corner into the corridor. Just as she is about to reach the far door, she runs straight into a man, who is standing in the darkened hallway. Gloria gasps in surprise.

120. SHOT UP TO ROAT

Roat is disguised as HARRY ROAT SENIOR, a man of about seventy. He is eccentric in dress and manner - slightly Edwardian, slightly fairy tale. He wears a hat over bushy white hair, his voice, when he speaks, is old and raspy; and he appears about to fly away at the seams with some strange energy.

ROAT (SR.):
I should very much like to speak with Mr. Sam Hunt, little girl.

121. THE CORRIDOR SHOOTING PAST ROAT & GLORIA TO APARTMENT DOOR

Susy comes out into the corridor.

SUSY:
Who's that, Gloria?

GLORIA:
Some old man.

ROAT (SR.):
(to Gloria)
Leave, little girl. Go about your business.

Gloria is a bit scared, mostly stunned, by the strange elder. She seems hesitant for a second about leaving...but, under his glare, does run off. Susy, unsure of what is going on, is listening hard from just outside the doorway to her apartment.

SUSY:
Gloria...?

But the basement door slams behind Gloria's exit.

ROAT (SR.):
(heading for Susy at a brisk strange pace)
Yes, I want to see Mr. Sam Hunt...and you will please tell Mrs. Roat that I should also like to see her.
(brushes by Susy and goes into apartment)

122. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM ROAT AND SUSY

Roat comes straight in, talking, with a very confused Susy right behind.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

ROAT (SR.):
Where are they? Tell me --

SUSY:
Who are you? Please, I'm blind; I don't --

ROAT (SR.):
(very indignant, to Susy, as she feels her way into the security of the living room)
It's not right, you know!!! Not fair!!!
Not -- !
(suddenly bolts for bedroom, screeching)
There!!

Susy, frightened by all this, is knocked backward by Roat's rush to the bedroom.

123. MOVING SHOT ROAT

charging into the bedroom, he goes to the bureau and sets about wreaking havoc: he pulls out one drawer and slings it across the room, pulls out another and dumps its contents on the floor.

SUSY'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Don't...please...what are you doing?
...Oh, don't...

Snatching from atop the bureau a leather picture frame, he swipes everything else off the top onto the floor.

124. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

As suddenly as he's flown in, Roat is flying out again. And, as he goes, he is trying to cram the leather picture frame into his greatcoat pocket.

ROAT (SR.):
(to Susy)
I was right! I was right, you silly thing!

He spins away from the terribly frightened Susy and heads to exit.

ROAT (SR.):
And now I've got proof! So you tell Sam Hunt to leave her alone, or I'll fix him good and proper!

With that he bolts out of the door and down the hallway.

125. EXT. HENDRIX HOUSE LATE AFTERNOON (DAY)

The door SLAMS as Roat comes tearing out. Just as he starts to charge up the stairs to the street level, he bumps into Mike. They stare hard at each other. They are not good friends.

ROAT (SR.):
(pulling back)
Don't touch me!

There is something so far beyond acting a part in Roat's manner that it really surprises Mike. Mike turns slowly down into the basement steps, glancing uneasily back at Roat who has withdrawn to the far end of the areaway as though Mike were contaminated. Mike pushes open the basement door and enters.

126. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM

MIKE:
(entering)
Hi... It's Mike Talman again. I think I left a package --

Susy is sitting on the floor, absolutely beaten down.

MIKE:
(continuing)
Susy, what's wrong?

SUSY:
Mike? Mike, there's a man --!

MIKE:
(hurrying to her)
No he's gone...
(gently helping her up)
He's gone now...I promise.

127. CLOSE SHOT WINDOW DAY

Roat's face, dead-pan and icy-eyed in the "old man," looks through at them for a minute...then moves away into the wintry gloom.

128. BACK TO SUSY AND MIKE

MIKE:
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

SUSY:
...He just flew in like a...like a big black crow, and --

MIKE:
It's all right, Susy. I'm here now. It's all right.

SUSY:
(simply)
He scared me, Mike.

MIKE:
(soothing her and brushing back a damp fringe of hair from her brow)
It's all right now, Susy.

SUSY:
(smiling up at him)
You must think I'm a terrible bore. Every time you come in I'm in an absolute panic.

MIKE:
No, Susy, I... Hey! Your bedroom's a mess. He's dumped stuff all over the place.
(going to look into bedroom)
Listen, Susy, I'm going to call the police. That old spook may have stolen something.
(heading for phone)
Do you know the number?

SUSY:
Oh, just dial operator and say you're blind.

MIKE:
(this tickles him, and he turns to look at Susy for a moment)
Don't you really know it?

SUSY:
(nods to herself)
279-0099. That's the emergency number anyway.

MIKE:
That'll do.

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont. 1)
Mike heads toward phone.

MIKE:
(taking out his notebook)
Don't you worry, Susy. I'll get a later flight to Phoenix and stay here as long as you need me.

SUSY:
Could you, Mike?

MIKE:
Of course...

129. CLOSEUP PHONE AND NOTEBOOK

On a page of notes and numbers, one number is circled. Mike holds his finger on this while he dials with other hand.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Let's see now...279-0099...

But the number he dials is the circled number: "242-4598."

DISSOLVE TO:

130. INT. HENDRIX APARTMENT CLOSEUP BANISTER RAIL NIGHT

The banister runs up and away from the CAMERA. During the dialogue, a gloved hand with a white handkerchief is working its way down the banister towards the CAMERA, wiping the shiny surface carefully.

CARLINO'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
...You say he just busted in... That right, Mrs. Hendrix?

SUSY'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Yes. He was outside the door when the little girl opened it. Gloria - from upstairs.

CARLINO'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Yeah. I got that. And he dumped out all the drawers.

131. INT. LIVING ROOM WIDE SHOT

Carlino stands by the base of the banisters. It is he who wears the gloves and is assiduously wiping the banisters with a handkerchief. But other than that, he is playing the part of Detective Sergeant Carlino of the Sixth Precinct. He wears a raincoat over a dark suit. Mike and Susy are by the sofa. Mike appears angry.

MIKE:
(interrupting)
Sergeant -- the man was obviously crazy! Send out a report or something and pick him up!

CARLINO:
(wiping last bit of banisters)
Just tell me the facts, Mr. Talman. I'll decide what to do, if you don't mind.

MIKE:
But I do mind. You act as if nothing has happened!

SUSY:
Mike, let the sergeant do it his way.

CARLINO:
Thank you, lady...

(NOTE: Mike and Carlino have played these parts, or parts very like them, before and they are superb at it. In fact, the one thing that holds all three men together -- Roat, Carlino and Mike -- is that all of them, to their own degree and in their own way, are most at their ease when playing a part. In Roat's case, the characters he selects are much more dangerous, much harder to pull off. But Mike and Carlino (within the area they select) are perfect. And there is never one moment when any of the three fall out of character. All three derive some personal pleasure from their performances.)

Now, Carlino goes to the window, and as he talks, he quietly pulls the cord of the venetian blinds.

CARLINO:
Okay, the important thing is this guy didn't steal anything, right?

MIKE:
Not so far as we know.

132. EXT. BASEMENT WINDOW (BINOCULAR EFFECT) EVENING (NIGHT)

One half of the window darkens, then brightens again.

133. INT./EXT. CORNER PHONE BOOTH FROM OUTSIDE EVENING

Roat, inside, wearing a suit and hat, lowers a pair of opera glasses and slips a dime into the pay phone.

134. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM WIDE SHOT

Carlino is heading toward the door.

CARLINO:
I won't bother you any more. If you do find anything missing, call the Sixth Precinct and let me know.

Phone RINGS.

SUSY:
Thank you, Sergeant.

CARLINO:
Any time. Goodbye.

The phone RINGS again. Mike looks at Carlino. Carlino stares back, then exits as Susy picks up phone.

SUSY:
(in b.g., at phone)
Hello?... Just a minute.
(calling)
Sergeant Carlino!

MIKE:
I'll get him.
(calling out door)
Sergeant! You're wanted on the phone.

Carlino returns and takes phone from Susy.

CARLINO:
Sorry, Mrs. Hendrix. This is going to be one of those days.
(into phone)
Carlino here... Yes, Lieutenant, go ahead... He just walked in?... Okay, okay -- what's a <u>doll</u> got to do with it?...

Susy, who has wandered away, turns at mention of doll. It is only a slight reaction, but she's listening.

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.)

CARLINO:
...Sure, sure, I understand... Right.
(hangs up)
Mrs. Hendrix, maybe I should mention one thing while I'm here. I don't want to alarm you, but a woman was found near here this morning --

SUSY:
Yes, I know.

CARLINO:
You knew her?

SUSY:
No, I didn't say that. I knew it had happened, that's all. I heard it on the radio.

During Susy's speech, Mike has been jotting in his pad; now he turns it around for Carlino to read. In big pencil letters on a blank page, it says: "The Husband." Carlino just nods slowly -- he knows that.

CARLINO:
Oh, I see... Your husband didn't know her by any chance?

SUSY:
My husband?

MIKE:
(annoyed tone)
Of course he didn't.

CARLINO:
I'm sorry, Mr. Talman, but I've been told to make inquiries... Did you hear anything peculiar yesterday afternoon or evening...Mrs. Hendrix?

SUSY:
No. No, we didn't. That is, we were out in the afternoon. I go to blind school, and my husband was at his studio.

CARLINO:
Was anyone else with him "at his studio"?

MIKE:
Hey, what is this?!

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont. 1)

SUSY:
No. He was supposed to photograph some woman, but she never showed up.

CARLINO:
So nobody can verify that he was there... or what he was up to...right?

MIKE:
Are you questioning Mrs. Hendrix for any particular reason?

CARLINO:
I'm not questioning her, Mr. Talman.

MIKE:
Then why are you taking notes?

This surprises and slightly alarms Susy. The "Roat Sr." incident has thrown her off-kilter, and she hasn't fully recovered.

CARLINO:
Look, fella, I'm allowed to talk, you know.

MIKE:
Sure. And Mrs. Hendrix is allowed <u>not</u> to. She doesn't have to answer any questions. Or don't they study the Constitution at Police School?

CARLINO:
What are you, a big-time lawyer?

MIKE:
No, but --

CARLINO:
I didn't think so.
(going up stairs)
Goodbye, Mrs. Hendrix, I'll probably be back.

The door slams.

135. SHOT SUSY AND MIKE

MIKE:
Well, he was a big help.

SUSY:
Mike, is this room dirty?

(CONTINUED)

135. (Cont.)

MIKE:
No...why?

SUSY:
That Sergeant kept dusting everything. Didn't you notice?

MIKE:
Did he?

SUSY:
All around the refrigerator...and in that corner.

She gestures toward safe. At that moment, the doorbell RINGS.

MIKE:
I'll get it. He probably forgot his badge.

Mike goes up steps and throws open door.

136. SHOT ROAT AND MIKE AT DOOR

Roat is standing outside. Now he is playing the part of HARRY ROAT, JUNIOR, a henpecked man of about forty, quite without humor. He wears a well-cut suit and horn-rimmed glasses. As Mike opens the door, Roat whips off his hat with a quick politeness. It is Roat, Junior's manner to be tentative about life. Mike, taking in Roat's new character, makes a tiny little smirk -- as if to say "Oh, come on, buddy, you're a bit too much" -- to which Roat pays no attention.

ROAT:
Excuse me. For bursting in on you like this. Mr. Hunt?
(it is Roat Jr.'s habit to speak amidst short shallow gasps for breath)

137. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

MIKE:
No, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrix live here.

ROAT:
Hendrix? Oh! I do beg your pardon, but...but this is 27B St. Luke's Place?

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

SUSY:
I'm Mrs. Hendrix. Can I help?

ROAT:
My name is Roat.
(starts down stairs)
Harry Roat, Junior.

138. INSERT: ROAT'S SHOES

as he steps forward.

139. TWO SHOT MIKE AND SUSY

SUSY:
(recoiling - an instinctive moment of fear)
Mike!

MIKE:
(going to her; gently)
You all right, Susy?

140. SHOT ROAT

He is watching Mike being nice to Susy. It interests him.

141. BACK TO WIDE ANGLE

MIKE:
Mr. Roat, Mrs. Hendrix is blind.

He makes a large O of his mouth and a dramatic intake of breath; Roat, Jr.'s way of signifying understanding and sympathy.

MIKE:
(to Susy, putting his arm around her, very Big Brother)
Okay?

SUSY:
(nodding)
Just jumpy. Sorry.
(apprehensive)
Mr. Roat?

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

ROAT:
(on bottom step of stairs leaning forward at waist -- far too tentative to actually join them)
Yes, yes, I'm here. And I do apologize for intruding upon you and Mr. Hendrix, but--

MIKE:
My name's Talman.

ROAT:
Yes, well-- well, whatever-- I mean-- Oh, Mrs. Hendrix, has my father been here?!

Susy turns to Mike in alarm, and he touches her to reassure her.

MIKE:
The old man?

ROAT:
(leaning even further forward, now playing his role with fervor and speed)
Oh do let me explain! Oh I'm so embarrassed! It must all be a terrible mistake.

MIKE:
He made a mess of Mrs. Hendrix' things, Mr. Roat. I think you'd better find him and --

ROAT:
(now the reasonable pedant)
Well, he's not crazy, I assure you he's not. Crazy. He's just very old and he thinks a photographer named Sam Hunt lives here. He's very old. My father. And worried. For my sake. He thinks my wife has been -- er -- seeing this person Hunt and --

Gloria enters with two bags of groceries.

SUSY:
(as Roat and Mike both look at the child)
Gloria?

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont. 1)

GLORIA:
(looking at Roat)
Uh huh. I've got the groceries.

MIKE:
(to Gloria, as Susy
seems about to go to her)
Just leave them there. I'll put them
away for Susy.

Roat hasn't taken his eyes from Gloria -- nor has she from him. Following Mike's order, she sets the bags down, straightens, tries an awkward smile at Roat, then goes out.

GLORIA:
See you, Susy.

Her footsteps ECHO off and away. Susy returns her attention to Roat, wanting to put an end to this whole interlude.

SUSY:
You really do have the wrong house, I'm afraid, Mr. Roat. We don't know anyone named Hunt. And --

ROAT:
Oh, I don't know this man Hunt either, dear lady! May I explain!

Susy's about to say "No," but Roat goes on.

ROAT:
You see, about three years ago my wife was on vacation in Montreal. With my mother and father. And while she was there -- my wife -- she became acquainted ...my father says...with this photographer, Sam Hunt. And now my father says that they've been seeing each other from time to time ever since. And so my father has been trying to find him -- this Sam person -- and have it out with him. My wife, of course, denies --

MIKE:
Hold on -- Did you follow your father here today?

ROAT:
Not exactly. No, I --

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont. 2)

MIKE:
(disturbed)
But you have this address.

SUSY:
What is all this about, Mr. Roat?

ROAT:
(after a short pause)
Well...I believe my father followed my wife to this apartment.

A pause for all. Then:

SUSY:
You're wrong.

ROAT:
(very explanatory now)
The other afternoon there was a big scene, you see. It was my wife and my father and myself. My mother is dead now. There were testy words between my father and wife, and my wife stormed out with her doll.

MIKE:
(as Susy reacts to word "doll")
Her doll?

ROAT:
The doll, you see, was what started the bad words that day. It had been made especially for my wife in Montreal, to play her favorite tune...
(he WHISTLES tune)

142. SHOT SUSY

She reacts sharply to the tune.

143. BACK TO WIDE SHOT

ROAT:
(to Susy's reaction)
Yes?
(but Susy shakes her head to drop the question)

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

ROAT: (Cont.)
It was broken, so my wife was taking it to someone who was going to Canada. So it could be repaired. That's when my father lost his temper, you understand.

MIKE:
(watching Susy)
No, I don't understand -- You're not very clear, you know.

ROAT:
(very quietly)
The point -- Mr. Talman -- is that when my wife left the house, my father said to me, "Sam Whosis gave her that doll; you know that, don't you, boy?" And then my father ran out to follow her.
(he makes a signal with the blinds; Susy reacts slightly)
Later, my father called and said, "He lives at 27B St. Luke's Place in the basement apartment."

Susy looks as if she's been hit in the stomach.

ROAT:
(continuing)
Then, this morning when I told Dad that Liciana hadn't --

SUSY:
Liciana....!

ROAT:
Yes -- Liciana -- my wife. When I told Dad that she hadn't come home last night, he got terribly excited and drove off in my car. So I finally decided to come here on the off-chance that --

SUSY:
Your wife didn't come home last night?

ROAT:
No. Oh, you see she often comes into Manhattan. Scarsdale wears on her, she says. But she phones to say where she's staying.

SUSY:
(distantly)
Only this time she didn't phone.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.1)

ROAT:
That's right, and--

The phone RINGS. Mike starts toward it, but Roat holds up a finger -- then lets the finger drift to pointing at Susy (an oddly languid gesture) i.e., "Let her get it." Susy, however, is in a private daze where phones don't matter. Mike looks from the unresponding girl back to Roat. Then Roat nods.

MIKE:
Want me to get it, Susy?

She nods vaguely, he picks up receiver.

MIKE:
Hello... Sure. One moment. Susy -- it's that Sergeant Carlino.... Susy, Sergeant Carlino wants to speak to you.

SUSY:
(still with her private thoughts)
...What does he want?

ROAT:
I must go now, Mrs. Hendrix. And I do apologize for intruding. For being --

MIKE:
(on phone)
Can I take the message...? No, I'll take it, Sergeant... Yes, well, his son is here now -
(to Roat)
Mr. Roat -- don't go! He wants to speak to you.

ROAT:
(perched forward, anxious)
Who? Who does?

MIKE:
The police.

ROAT:
Oh dear! How perfectly --
(whispers)
Say I've gone.

MIKE:
(looking at Susy)
But it's about your wife, Mr. Roat.

Susy reacts.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont. 2)

ROAT:
What? Oh my!
(scurries to Mike and telephone)
Hello... Speaking... That's right... No, she didn't. In fact... Is she hurt?
(long pause; he turns his gaze on Susy)
No, tell me now!

144. CLOSEUP SUSY

Susy, as Roat intends, is ahead of him. She knows what he wants her to know now.

145. BACK TO ROAT

He makes a shocked little gasp, drops the phone and runs out.

146. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

MIKE:
Mr. Roat...!

SUSY:
(reaching out as if to stop Mike leaving)
Mike....!

MIKE:
I'm here, Susy...
(he turns to window)

147. EXT. HENDRIX HOUSE EVENING

Roat rushes up from the basement and heads off down the street. Mike's head is outlined at the basement window.

148. BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

Susy is standing by one of the big feathery palms. She is very quiet, very controlled, and in utter anguish.

SUSY:
I'm frightened. I'm very frightened.

149. SHOT SUSY

Standing in the lights and shadows of the palm plant, Susy nods and shuts her eyes, moving her head so that a palm frond trails across her eyelids.

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

SUSY:
Mrs. Roat is dead. She was murdered. Last night. Near here.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(OFF)
What did you say?

Susy just nods her head wisely, takes a breath and goes on.

SUSY:
And the police think Sam did it.

150. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE BOTH

For a brief moment, Mike doesn't seem to know what to do. Then he takes her by the arm.

MIKE:
Susy, you're trembling. Come and sit down...

SUSY:
I don't want to be alone, Mike.

MIKE:
You won't be. I promise.

SUSY:
(using her finger to guide her, she begins pacing around the table and Mike)
I'm going to tell you something.

He slumps down, and, turning to keep his eyes on her face, follows her movements around himself and the table.

SUSY:
That doll, you see - the one Mr. Roat, Junior described - well, Sam brought a doll exactly like that back from Canada.
(she is taking her time, controlling what wants to be a rush of words)
I was trying to help him unpack from his trip, and knocked something on the floor. The something played a little tune when it hit. The something was the doll. Mrs. Roat's handmade, special-made, made-in-Canada doll. Sam had it.
(she tries to catch the tune, but can't)
I thought it was a surprise for me, but it wasn't. It was for a little girl in the hospital... A woman in the airport asked Sam to carry it for her so that her

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.)

SUSY: (Cont.)
other little girl who was meeting her wouldn't see it and get jealous. The woman called Sam yesterday about coming to get the doll, but Sam couldn't find it.
(taking a breath)
Sam had never met the doll woman before... had never laid eyes on her before... He told me so.

MIKE:
(gently)
Don't do this to yourself, Susy.

But Susy, stopping her trek around the table and easing herself into a chair close to Mike, isn't looking for solace: she's still thinking back to put all the pieces of the scattered puzzle together.

SUSY:
And the woman Sam was supposed to photograph yesterday... Sam said she never showed up... But he was away a long time waiting for her and her name was Liciana... and so was Mrs. Roat's.

Mike takes a breath, then:

MIKE:
Well, suppose he did know her, that's not so serious...

SUSY:
(simply)
Yes it is.

There is a pause.

MIKE:
All right, Susy, let's say it's serious. So sit down, and we'll try to figure all this out...
(...)
From the beginning.
(Susy sits)
First... The old man came in here screaming about Sam and Mrs. Roat. Then he went in and tore up your bedroom...messed up your dresser. Now, what did he do that for?
(Susy shakes her head)
He must have taken something.
(moves to bedroom door)
He just must have!
(Susy shakes her head helplessly)
Come here, Susy, and look. Check, feel around, and see if anything's missing.
(for a moment, she doesn't move)
Susy...

Susy gets up obediently and goes into the bedroom.

151. INT. BEDROOM

Susy enters and goes to the bureau; Mike stations himself in the doorway, watching. Susy opens the second drawer and checks a small jewelry box; and she feels the two or three things in the case. Then she replaces the case, closes the drawer and feels along the top of the bureau. Suddenly her hand stops and returns to an empty space.

152. SHOT SUSY

SUSY:
Mike, he took our wedding picture -- the picture of me and Sam!

153. SHOT MIKE

MIKE:
(taking a deep breath)
That's the meanest thing I've ever heard of -- I'm going to call the police.

154. INT. BEDROOM DOORWAY AND LIVING ROOM

Mike turns from the bedroom door and starts into the living room -- but Susy rushes to stop him. And in flying forward to stop him from telephoning, she bumps into him; whirling to catch her balance, she grabs him by both arms and holds on hard.

SUSY:
NO! Oh, no we <u>can't</u>!
(her hands now reach up, imploring, holding his face so that she knows he is looking at her)
We mustn't say <u>anything</u> to the police! Not <u>anything</u>! The police have to forget all about us! <u>They think Sam did it, Mike</u>!

During the last part of her speech, Mike is not quite listening to her words. The touch of her hands on his face, the closeness of her own face, the nearness of everything about her... these are the things that so strongly affect Mike for the moment. And then, he disengages himself, and to break off the moment, to get back on the track, he pretends to see something out of the window.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

MIKE:
Shh...
(moves quickly to window and flicks blinds AUDIBLY)
That's funny...

SUSY:
What? What's funny, Mike?

Again he looks at her...but, then, goes on with what he has to do.

MIKE:
There's a police car pulling up outside...

155. INT./EXT. SHOT THROUGH WINDOW TO STREET

Mike's profile fills one side of FRAME. The street is totally deserted.

MIKE:
...They're just standing there.

156. SHOT SUSY

She is holding onto the table hard, straining to hear every word Mike speaks.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
...Susy...I think they're watching this house...

DISSOLVE TO:

157. INT. HENDRIX APARTMENT KITCHEN AREA EARLY EVENING
CLOSE MOVING SHOT

CAMERA IS TRACKING SLOWLY along a row of open cabinet doors. O.S. are soft SOUNDS of objects being moved. The interior of the cabinets are in disarray as seen by the PASSING CAMERA. The SOUNDS GROW LOUDER, and the CAMERA comes to rest on the last cabinet in the row, where Susy's hands are pushing things aside, reaching deep into the cabinet.

158. INT. HENDRIX KITCHEN AREA WIDE SHOT

Susy stands on a kitchen chair, straining to feel into the farthest corner of a kitchen cabinet. Around her, everything is out of place. A search has been in progress. As we watch, Susy gets tiredly down from the chair.

SUSY:
It's no good.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(O.S.; muffled)
What?

SUSY:
(raising her voice)
No doll, Mike. It's not here.

159. INT. LIVING ROOM ANOTHER ANGLE

The whole room shows signs of an energetic search. Chairs are pulled out of position, closets and cabinets stand ajar. A door is open under the stairs, and a vacuum cleaner and brooms, etc. are pulled out into the living room. For a moment, Mike is nowhere in evidence. Then there is a movement under the stairs, and Mike backs out. He has a flashlight in one hand and is dragging after him a battered weekend suitcase.

MIKE:
Hold it. I just found a suitcase.

Mike puts the flashlight aside and CLICKS open the case.

SUSY:
Is the doll -- ?

MIKE:
(gloomily)
No. Just letters.

SUSY:
(simply)
Well, if any of them are from Mrs. Roat, don't bother to read them to me.

160. SHOT MIKE

He looks up at this, surprised and rather pleased by Susy's pluck. Then he glances down at the letters and taps them thoughtfully.

161. SHOT KITCHEN AREA

Susy busies herself straightening up. Mike comes INTO SHOT.

MIKE:
(putting letters in her hand)
They're from you, Susy...You type very well.

SUSY:
(pleased and a little flustered)
Oh, I...I didn't know he was a hoarder.

162. INT. LIVING ROOM WIDE SHOT

Susy reaches up and tucks the letters behind the clock. Then she runs her fingers over the clock-face and turns to Mike, worried.

SUSY:
I can't understand why Sam hasn't phoned. He promised he would the second he got to Asbury Park. It isn't like him.

Mike has wandered over to stand looking at the safe. He speaks from there.

MIKE:
Listen, Susy...
(takes a second, then speaks flat out)
We've got to face the fact that Sam's in trouble. We have to find the doll. It's the one thing that proves Sam is connected with all this.

SUSY:
But it's not here! We've looked!

MIKE:
Now, listen to me, Susy! You were the one who told me. You said Sam brought a doll back from Canada; you said it was the same doll that Roat described. You went right down the list and told me that the doll linked Sam to Mrs. Roat! And Mrs. Roat is dead. Murdered. Right next door.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

SUSY:
But maybe I was wrong.

MIKE:
It doesn't matter! If you thought that way the police will think that way. Without the doll, the whole thing is just a lot of raving from those crazy Roats; with the doll, the police have got a case -- involving Sam -- Do you understand that?

Mike watches Susy carefully, to see how she will take this.

SUSY:
(going on her own train of thought)
Mike...did you notice how I jumped when Mr. Roat Junior came in here?

MIKE:
Susy, haven't you been listening to me?

SUSY:
Yes. And I agree. We have to find the doll -- But this is important, too...When Mr. Roat Junior came in, for a moment I thought it was the old man. He had the exact same shoes as his father...New shoes, and one of them squeaked a bit. You probably didn't notice.

MIKE:
(careful now)
No I didn't.

SUSY:
(getting going on her new track)
And another thing...it's winter, so it's dark early now, isn't it?

MIKE:
Yes...?

SUSY:
Then why has everybody been playing around with the blinds?
(now Mike watches her, hard)
Mr. Roat did it.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.1)

SUSY:(Cont.)
(getting excited)
And Sergeant Carlino did it too! Mike, is that police car still outside?

Mike hesitates, then goes to window and makes a NOISE to indicate he's looking out (which he's not).

MIKE:
(watching Susy)
Yes. And they're looking this way.

SUSY:
Can you see their faces? The policemen inside the car?

MIKE:
Not too well. It's pretty dark.

SUSY:
Try! This is important.

MIKE:
Why?

SUSY:
Is one of the policemen Mr. Roat?

He stares at her a long time.

SUSY:
(continuing)
Well, is it?

MIKE:
No...no, it's not.

SUSY:
There'd be a radio in a police car. There would be -- in all of them -- wouldn't there?

MIKE:
(wondering how close she's coming to the truth)
I don't know. I suppose.

SUSY:
Do you think Mr. Roat could possibly be a policeman too?

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.2)

MIKE:
How do you figure that?

SUSY:
(going very fast)
Let's see, first Sergeant Carlino fiddles with the blinds and almost immediately the police phone and ask to speak to him...then Mr. Roat Junior fiddles with the blinds, and Carlino calls him...

MIKE:
(moving toward safe closing the subject)
I don't think the police work like that, Susy. Too cops-and-robbers.

SUSY:
(in "up" mood)
You see, Mr. Roat's story and Sam's don't go together. But I've been forgetting something.

MIKE:
(his mind on the safe)
What's that?

SUSY:
That I know Sam, and I don't know Mr. Roat at all. That's very important, I think...to me.

MIKE:
Susy! Get it through your head: It's what the police think that counts! They've got a car outside right now watching this house. They've had Carlino in here twice, and they're going to send him back any minute -- And if we want to help Sam we've got to find that doll before they do!

SUSY:
But it's not here! We've looked!

MIKE:
It must be!...Susy, it has to be in the safe.

SUSY:
I told you it couldn't be.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.3)

MIKE:
But why not?

SUSY:
Because it isn't ours...not really...
(impatiently)
The woman who had the apartment before us tried to sell it to us when we moved in, and when we finally convinced her we didn't want it, she locked it up and deliberately dropped the key down the drain outside. Sam saw her. It amuses Sam, so he keeps it.

MIKE:
You're making that up.

SUSY:
No, I'm not! Why should I?

MIKE:
(trying new tack)
Come to think of it, I guess I wouldn't open my safe in front of a stranger either.

SUSY:
Oh, Mike, be fair. Have I been treating you like a stranger? I just wish the doll were in the safe...
(face brightens gaily)
...then the police couldn't find it, could they?

MIKE:
They could with a search warrant and a drill.

SUSY:
(delighted)
That would take hours though, wouldn't it? And by that time Sam will be home.

MIKE:
Maybe. But you'd better make sure whether it's in there or not before you get so pleased with things.

He picks up his raincoat and starts up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.4)

MIKE:
(continuing)
Anyway that's your problem, after all, Susy -- yours and Sam's. Do what you think best for him.

SUSY:
Where are you going?

MIKE:
To pick up my things at the apartment. I can't miss the last plane.

SUSY:
(frightened)
But you said you'd stay.
(going to him)
Please, Mike, you promised.

MIKE:
Sam will be back soon, Susy.

SUSY:
(as he reaches door)
Well...could you just give me your phone number?

MIKE:
What phone number?

SUSY:
Where you're going. In case I do find the doll. I might. I really might.

MIKE:
I'll phone you when I get there.

SUSY:
Well at least give me the name of your friends so I can call Information.

MIKE:
I -- wait a minute -- I may have it written down somewhere.
(checks notebook)

163. INSERT NOTEBOOK WITH CIRCLED NUMBER

It is the same number we saw earlier.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Yes, here it is. Can you remember it?

164. BACK TO WIDE ANGLE

SUSY:
Of course.

MIKE:
C-I-2...

SUSY:
(fast)
That's 242 -- same as this one -- go on.

MIKE:
4...5...9...8.

SUSY:
4598. Okay, 242-4598...
(hears him open door)
Mike?

MIKE:
Yes?

SUSY:
I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't turned up this afternoon. Truly. You see, I'm still lost without...without a Somebody...And thank you forever for being here to be my Somebody.

This stops him. Mike looks down at Susy for a moment. And then he exits.

165. INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR EVENING

Mike closes the apartment door behind him and walks along the corridor and out the door. We hear the distant SOUND of the areaway gate slamming. All is still for a moment, then a movement attracts our eye. Gloria's head peeks around the partition of the stairs running up to the ground floor.

166. CLOSEUP GLORIA

She looks around cautiously, then moves OFF.

167. *INT. HENDRIX APARTMENT DOOR AND LANDING*

The room is empty. There is a soft click, and the door opens enough to admit Gloria.

168. MED. SHOT GLORIA WAIST UP

She peers in, then quickly and quietly steps inside, removing a key from the outside of the door. Shutting the door gently, she starts down the steps.

169. GO WITH HER

Halfway down the stairs, there is a SOUND from the bedroom. Gloria freezes.

170. WHAT SHE SEES

The doorway to the bedroom. Susy passes beyond the opening, and we HEAR a drawer opening and shutting.

171. BACK TO GLORIA WAIST UP MOVING SHOT

She starts slowly down the stairs again, making no sound. As she moves, the CAMERA TILTS slowly down until it is looking through the banisters (which move by as the child descends the stairs). In her hand, staring straight at the CAMERA is the doll. HOLD DOLL in CLOSEUP as Gloria comes to the bottom of the stairs and moves to the sofa.

172. SHOT GLORIA AT SOFA

Cautiously, Gloria kneels down and pushes the doll under sofa so that just an arm shows.

173. EXT. STREET CORNER AND VAN EVENING

Mike comes along the bleak wintry street. He leans tiredly on the open van window. Carlino is inside.

MIKE:
Where's Roat?

CARLINO:
Who knows? Out beating up old ladies. How goes it inside?

MIKE:
(with a kind of professional admiration)
She's something. She's really something.

CARLINO:
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.)

MIKE:
You're on next...Give her a minute, then go in there and push her as hard as you can. Really push. Keep hitting at the safe and the doll... If it's in there, and if she can open it, then she will after you're gone.

CARLINO:
(nods, he's got it)
What about Roat Junior from Scarsdale?

MIKE:
Yeah, what about him...?

174. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM EVENING

Gloria is just tiptoeing up the stairs. The doll sticks from beneath the sofa. Susy enters from bedroom. Gloria freezes, but Susy hears her.

SUSY:
Who's that?

GLORIA:
Oh, hi, Susy!

SUSY:
Don't do that to me! How did you get in here?

GLORIA:
I borrowed the key you lent Mother, because when I got upstairs I found I'd left a stick of butter --

SUSY:
(interrupting)
Gloria, do you remember the man who was here when you brought in the groceries?

GLORIA:
Which one?

SUSY:
Not Sam's friend, the other one.

GLORIA:
Sure.

SUSY:
What did he look like?

174 (Cont.)

GLORIA:
I dunno. Kinda dumb looking, I guess.

SUSY:
I don't mean that. Did he look anything like the old man who came rushing in before?

GLORIA:
Uh-uh. He was much younger. Sissy looking.

SUSY:
(going to kitchen)
Come here a minute. You'd know him if you saw him again, wouldn't you?

GLORIA:
Yes.

SUSY:
Well, climb up on the counter and look out the window.
(helps Gloria up)
Now, there's a police car outside. See if you can see the man in the police car, will you?

Gloria looks out of the window.

175. WHAT SHE SEES THE STREET EVENING

The streetlights shine through the bare tree branches on the deserted street.

176. BACK TO SUSY AND GLORIA

GLORIA:
There's no police car, Susy.

SUSY:
Are you sure?

GLORIA:
There's nobody.
(she starts to climb down)

SUSY:
No police car?

GLORIA:
Nope. No kind of car. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

SUSY:
(trying to keep her thoughts up with the situation)
Wait a minute. When we first moved in here, Sam used to make calls from a phone booth somewhere out there. Can you see a phone booth from this window?

GLORIA:
Uh-huh. There's one at the corner.

SUSY:
Is there...a car parked anywhere near it?

GLORIA:
Yeah, a kind of squatty truck right beside it.

SUSY:
Is there anyone in it?

GLORIA:
Must be. Somebody was just getting in a second ago.

SUSY:
Did you see who it was?

GLORIA:
No, he had his back -- Hold it! -- There's a man now.

SUSY:
From the truck?

GLORIA:
Yes...He's coming this way.

SUSY:
Is it Mr. Roat? The man who was here when you came with the groceries?

GLORIA:
(hopping down)
No, it isn't either of them. Is something wrong, Susy?

SUSY:
(shaking her head)
Everything will be fine when Sam gets back.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.1)
As Susy is talking, Carlino appears outside the window. Gloria sees him and dives down behind the sofa just as Carlino stoops to peer in the window.

GLORIA:
(a whisper)
There's a man looking in the window!

This startles Susy, but she immediately copes and goes to sink. Pretending to clean up, she turns her back to window while drying a dish.

SUSY:
Can he see you?

GLORIA:
No. But he's still looking. It's the man from the truck.

177. SHOT GLORIA

As she speaks, she tucks the doll further under the sofa, and as she does so, pushing it along the floor, the switch on the back catches, and the chime plays a few bars before Gloria can click it off.

178. SHOT SUSY AT KITCHEN

SUSY:
What - ?
(she spins)
You had it!

179. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

Susy backs to wall and pulls curtains.

SUSY:
Quick, Gloria, we have to hide it!

GLORIA:
I'll take it upstairs.

SOUND: Doorbell RINGS.

SUSY:
He's on the stoop! -- Here give it to me!

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.)

Gloria races to her and hands her doll. Susy takes a garbage bag from the counter and stuffs the doll inside. Opening the garbage pail, she hides the bag under the first layer of garbage.

GLORIA:
I was just borrowing it, Susy. Really. That's why I brought it back.
(over explaining)
I thought it was for me. A present. From Canada. And so I -

Doorbell rings again. Susy turns sharply.

SUSY:
Shhhh!

180. EXT. HENDRIX HOUSE STOOP EVENING

Carlino turns from the row of bells and looks around. Then he comes down the steps and turns into the areaway.

181. BACK TO LIVING ROOM

SUSY:
Listen, how would you like to do something difficult and terribly dangerous?

GLORIA:
(whispering earnestly)
I'd love it.

SUSY:
Can you see the phone booth from upstairs?

GLORIA:
From Mother's bedroom, I think.

SUSY:
Okay. Now write down our phone number. Quick.
(as Gloria goes to phone and copies number)
And listen very carefully. This is difficult.-- Go upstairs and watch the phone booth. Don't take your eyes off it! Not for a second...Now, if anyone from the truck goes in and makes a call, phone me the moment he comes out. Got that?

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.)

GLORIA:
Got it.

SUSY:
Just let it ring twice. Then hang up. Can you do that? Twice.

GLORIA:
I know, like a signal.
(she starts upstairs, then turns and whispers)
If you need me, Susy, just bang on the water pipe over the sink.

SUSY:
Okay --

The SLAM of the basement door and both freeze. FOOTSTEPS approach along the hall and pause outside the apartment door. Then, there is a KNOCK. Susy winces as if she'd received a blow.

SUSY:
...Who is it?

CARLINO'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
It's Sgt. Carlino.

SUSY:
Just a second, Sergeant -- I'm on the phone! Won't be a minute!
(whispering in Gloria's ear)
Under the stairs - hurry!
(and aloud -- i.e. in phone)
...That's a wonderful idea...and a box of Kleenex and a large bottle of Aspirin. No, that's all. Have to go now. There's someone at the door... 'Bye.
(jiggles phone, heads for door, calling)
Sorry to keep you waiting.
(opens door, playing her role for him hard and fast; takes his arm, leading him to bedroom)
Oh, I'm so glad you dropped by, because some children were playing out in the back and I think they broke a window. Would you mind taking a look?

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.1)

CARLINO:
(in bedroom)
In here?

SUSY:
(blocking doorway)
Yes, I think so. It's so hard for me to tell.

182. ANOTHER ANGLE FROM BEHIND SUSY

Susy has one hand outside the bedroom doorway. She snaps her fingers as she talks to Carlino. Gloria's head appears from under the steps and Gloria tiptoes out.

183. INT. BEDROOM

Carlino is at the window. In the glass, he can see the reflection of Susy at the door. No panes are broken, of course.

CARLINO:
There's nothing broken here, Mrs. Hendrix.

SUSY:
Maybe the bathroom, then?

184. TOP OF STAIRS

Gloria eases the door open and squeezes through. There is a faint CLICK as she closes the door.

185. BACK TO SUSY

She hears the sound.

CARLINO:
(appearing in SHOT)
There's nothing broken anywhere. Look, Mrs. Hendrix...
(pushing into living room)

186. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

CARLINO:
...I understand Mr. Roat called on you this afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.)

SUSY:
He...Yes, that's right -- he was here for a moment. But he --

CARLINO:
(scanning room)
You've been looking for something, I see.

SUSY:
(having to force herself very hard; almost stammering)
I can't find the vacuum cleaner bags.

CARLINO:
I think...
(he looks into the washing machine, pushing clothes about)
I think you can't find that doll.

SUSY:
No! That's not it. It's the vacuum cleaner bags that --

CARLINO:
(flat and easy)
The doll your husband brought back from Canada with him...The doll he gave Mrs. Roat.

Susy starts to shiver, as if from the cold; she holds on to a chair to steady herself.

SUSY:
My husband never knew Mrs. Roat.

CARLINO:
I'm sorry, Mrs. Hendrix, but that's just not true. Mr. Roat recognizes your husband from a photograph his father has, and old Mr. Roat remembers seeing your husband and Mrs. Roat together several times.

Susy makes no reply. Carlino moves to the safe, watching her carefully.

CARLINO:
Now, where could that doll be? In this big black safe, maybe?

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.1)

SUSY:
(fighting back tears)
There's nothing in that safe! There's no doll! My husband...my husband did not know Mrs. Roat! And -- !

CARLINO:
(as calm and flat as ever)
He did, as a matter of fact, know Mrs. Roat -- Now, if you won't open the safe, Mrs. Hendrix, I'll get a search warrant and drill it open.
(starts for door)
It'll take less than ten minutes to get through that thing -- and before your husband gets back. In the meantime, don't leave this house.

As Carlino starts for door, Susy calms...and, on his final dictum, she makes her decision. She now moves determinedly to the telephone and starts dialing.

CARLINO:
(turning, alarmed)
Hey, who are you phoning?

SUSY:
(as she dials)
The Sixth Precinct. I have to talk to Mr. Roat. He must still be there.

CARLINO:
(hurrying to take phone)
Wait a minute, Mrs. Hendrix!
(takes phone)
I'll get him...I can get through quicker.

She lets him take the phone. He quickly gets out his notebook and consulting it, dials 242-4598.

187. CLOSEUP PAY PHONE

The phone is ringing. A hand comes in and lifts the receiver.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Hello?

188. INT. PHONE BOOTH EVENING

Mike is in the phone booth on the corner.

CARLINO'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Sixth Precinct? Carlino speaking.

MIKE:
Go ahead.

CARLINO'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Is Mr. Roat Junior still there? Mrs. Hendrix wants to speak to him.

MIKE:
Hold on, I'll see.

189. EXT. PHONE BOOTH AND VOLKSWAGEN EVENING

Mike leans out and taps on the Volkswagen window. The window winds down.

MIKE:
It's for you...Roat Junior.

190. EXT. WINDOW 2ND FLOOR HENDRIX' HOUSE EVENING

In the darkened window, Gloria sits behind the windowpane.

191. INT./EXT. REVERSE ANGLE EVENING

SHOOTING past the silhouette of Gloria, we see the corner: Roat gets out of the Volkswagen, enters phone booth. Gloria lifts the phone onto the sill to have it at the ready.

192. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM SUSY AT PHONE IN F.G.

Susy has the phone in her hand and is waiting for an answer.

ROAT (JR.'S) VOICE:
(FILTER)
Yes? This is Harry Roat Jr.

SUSY:
Oh, Mr. Roat. This is Mrs. Hendrix. I...my lawyer has advised me...that... that if your father makes any more accusations against my husband, he will take immediate action...Do you understand what I'm saying?

(CONTINUED)

192 (Cont.)

ROAT (JR.'S) VOICE:
(FILTER)
Yes I do...Yes I do understand, Mrs. Hendrix.

SUSY:
Thank you, Mr. Roat.

Susy hangs up. Carlino, who has been watching her during the call, now starts up the stairs.

CARLINO:
That lawyer friend isn't going to stop me, Mrs. Hendrix. I'll be right back with a --

The phone RINGS. Carlino starts down as though it might be for him. Susy lets it ring the second time, holding her hand just above it, ready to pick it up, then waits. There is no third ring. A wave of relief passes over Susy. At least she knows something. It has a settling effect on her.

SUSY:
Must have been a wrong number.

Carlino goes up the steps again. At the door he turns, and while he talks, he sets the lock so it won't latch.

193. INSERT LOCK

CARLINO:
(O.S.)
Like I said, Mrs. Hendrix, I'll be right back -- with a search warrant.

194. BACK TO WIDE SHOT

SUSY:
I'll be here.

Carlino exits. We hear him walk along the corridor, then the SLAM of the basement door. Immediately Susy heads for the phone.

SUSY:
(to self)
2...4...2...4...5...9...8.
(phone rings on FILTER)

195. INT./EXT. PHONE BOOTH AND STREET CORNER EVENING

Mike is in the booth. Behind him, through the glass we can see Roat's face in the open Volkswagen window.

MIKE:
(picking up the phone)
Hello?

SUSY'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Mike? Oh, Mike is that you?

MIKE:
Yes, Susy. Is something the matter?

SUSY'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
I've got it! I've got the doll!

MIKE:
Great!
(turns to Roat at car window)
Where was it?

SUSY'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
I'll tell you when you get here...
(Roat joins Mike in phone booth and Mike tips receiver so Roat can hear her, too)
Can you come right over?

MIKE:
I'll run all the way.

SUSY'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Oh, Mike, everything will be all right now, won't it?

MIKE:
Yes, Susy. Everything will be all right.

196. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM EVENING

Susy hangs up and hurries to the kitchen for the doll. She pulls the lid off the garbage pail, and starts to dig the doll from its hiding place. As she is doing this, the phone rings. Hastily, she frees the doll from its bag, and stuffs

(CONTINUED)

197 (Cont.)

MIKE'S VOICE:
(O.S.; knocking on door)
Susy! Susy, it's me -- Mike!

OPERATOR'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Just one moment, please.

198. ANOTHER ANGLE SUSY AT PHONE AND DOOR JUST BEYOND

Mike opens the door and enters.

MIKE:
What are you doing, Susy?

As she hears him, Susy interrupts the operator and with barely controlled hysteria:

SUSY:
I'm sorry, you must have the wrong number!
(slams down the receiver)

Mike approaches Susy, immediately alert to her "odd" state.

MIKE:
Who was that? Who were you talking to?

At this point, Susy is standing by the telephone, her hand gripping the receiver so hard that her knuckles whiten. She has no notion of what she is going to do, but knows she must do something -- must get away from Mike.

SUSY:
I...Children call sometimes...They say cruel things...I don't suppose they mean it...

199. WIDE ANGLE LIVING ROOM

MIKE:
The doll, Susy -- where is it?
(then, lighter)
Where did you find it?

SUSY:
Oh...Well, that was the silly part...
(she is thinking desperately)
I don't know why I didn't think of it earlier...I ought to have remembered ages ago!

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.)
Behind Mike now, Carlino and Roat enter soundlessly and stand watching the scene.

SUSY:
You'll think I'm such a fool when you hear, Mike!

MIKE:
Where's the doll? The rest doesn't matter. Only the doll matters.

SUSY:
It's...well, it's...Oh, let me think and be absolutely sure I've got it right!

Mike turns to look up at Carlino and Roat. Roat just shifts his position lazily. Frowning, he looks back at Susy.

MIKE:
Now look, Susy, don't complicate things. Give me the doll, and I'll get rid of it. I'll take it back to Phoenix with me if I have to. Just give it to me and Sam will be safe.

SUSY:
Oh, yes, yes, of course -- You're right. That's the important thing. Because...
(trying to get on any subject but the doll)
Because if anything happened to Sam -- Oh, Mike, I don't know what I'd do...

MIKE:
Susy! Where's the doll?
(having earlier sensed the change in Susy, from this point on his pressure is less guarded)

SUSY:
Well...
(out of her desperation, an idea comes. It isn't much, but it's all she has and she hangs on for her life)
I'll get it for you. Hand me the key ring from the first drawer next to the icebox.

(CONTINUED)

196 (Cont.)
the bag back in the garbage. The phone rings again, and Susy gets to her feet, clutching the doll. She is perhaps halfway to the phone when she realizes it is not going to ring again...and she stops confused. Then suddenly it hits her and wrenches from her a cry of utter anguish and betrayal.

SUSY:
Noooo, Mike.....
(his name stretches into a cry)

And then she stands absolutely still, as the realization sinks deeper and deeper, awakening memories, touching sensitive areas, until it calls forth a denial: an expression of true disbelief.

SUSY:
Oh, nooooo...

For a moment longer she stands, like a lost child, clutching the doll to her. Then the knowledge has invaded her last stronghold, and she is totally alone, with the truth. The SOUND that escapes her now is very like a whimper. The next instant, she is stumbling, running back to the washing machine. There, she jams the doll into the washer and keeps pushing at the doll with the articles of laundry, pushing, pushing...and then she straightens and runs to the phone.

197. SHOT SUSY AND PHONE

Holding the receiver in one hand, Susy dials frantically, trying to use the blind finger-code...but the dial slips away from her, forcing her to start again. She can't make it work for her, slams her hand down on the receiver bar, and dials Operator. The receiver, close to CAMERA and large in SHOT, emits (ON FILTER) the SOUNDS of the number ringing: Then:

OPERATOR'S VOICE:
(FILTER)
Operator. Can I help you?

SOUND: The slam of the outer basement door, and footsteps approaching along the corridor.

SUSY:
(on phone)
Police Emergency! Please -- quickly! Dial for me -- I mean I can't -- Oh, hurry!

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.1)
Carlino is watching Susy with a dumbly entranced expression. Roat's eyebrows are gently raised. He is interested. Mike goes to get the keys.

MIKE:
(putting the keys in her hands)
These?

SUSY:
(overdoing the feeling of them)
Yes...Yes, I think --
(starts for the stairs, picking up her coat on the way)
Yes. You wait here, Mike, and I'll be right back with the doll -- okay?

Roat makes one abrupt gesture: Stop her!

MIKE:
Wait a minute, wait a minute!
(taking her by the arm)
What is all this? Where's the doll?

Carlino is crammed into the corner of the landing, where he's pushed himself when Susy started for the stairs: he is greatly relieved that Mike stopped her. Roat hasn't moved.

SUSY:
It's at Sam's studio. I'll get it for you.
(moves to leave again)

MIKE:
(firmly, not letting her go)
Wait! How do you <u>know</u> the doll is at his studio.

SUSY:
Gloria told me. Gloria -- you know, the little girl with the groceries. She told me yesterday. Only I forgot.
(no reply from Mike, so she elaborates)
She went to the studio to run some errands for Sam because she has a crush on him...and she figured Sam had brought her a surprise present from his Canada trip because he hid it in his locked drawer when he saw her. And

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.2)

SUSY:(Cont.)
he locked the drawer. Only she saw it -- saw it was a doll. And she heard it too. It played a little tune.

MIKE:
You're sure about this?

SUSY:
Oh, yes! Positive! If that awful Sergeant Carlino hadn't been hounding me so, I'd have remembered it earlier.

Carlino does "Who me?" bit for Roat's benefit. Roat's reaction is: Zero. Lazily he turns to Mike and indicates: "You go; she stays."

MIKE:
(taking key ring from her hand and taking her coat and laying it aside)
Okay, Susy. Fine. Only I'll go get it. Where's the studio?

SUSY:
Just a few blocks away --

200. SHOT ROAT

As Susy talks, Roat idly removes the umbrella she uses for a blind-stick from where it is hooked over the banister rail. In the same laconic movement, he leans down and draws the telephone line towards him with the curved umbrella handle...

SUSY'S VOICE:
(O.S.; continuing)
78 West 8th Street. The top floor. And the desk is over in the far corner, away from the...

201. WIDE ANGLE LIVING ROOM

Roat drapes the phone line over a forearm and removes "Geraldine" from his pocket. Pressing the button, he lets the blade slide silently against his palm.

SUSY:
(continuing)
...windows. You'll see it. It's a big old thing. A roll-top. You know the kind I mean, don't you, Mike? With cubbyholes and pigeonholes?

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.)

MIKE:
I know the kind.

Roat draws the blade across the phone line, neatly severing it.

SUSY:
It was in the second drawer on the left -- the doll. That's what Gloria said.

The wire drops from Roat's hand. The other end can be seen trailing off to the phone on the table. Roat puts "Geraldine" away.

MIKE:
I'm going to ask you one more time, Susy -- This is no time for mistakes -- You're sure the little girl saw the doll there? You're sure this is all true?

SUSY:
(totally ingenuous)
I'm saving my husband's life, aren't I, Mike?

There is nothing to be said to this, so Mike starts up stairs. Roat and Carlino slip quietly out of the door.

MIKE:
I'll be right back. You stay put.
(and, as an after-thought to take the edge off his attitude)
Make yourself a hot cup of coffee or something.

SUSY:
Whatever you say, Mike.

Mike exits, closing the door behind him. His FOOTSTEPS echo down the corridor and the door SLAMS. Susy goes directly to the kitchen area and feels desperately along the wall until she finds the heating pipe. Taking a wooden spoon from the counter she BANGS on it twice. There are two muffled BANGS in reply from Gloria.

202. INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR EVENING

A door at the end of the dim corridor opens and Gloria comes out. She races down the corridor towards the CAMERA and grabbing the banister, swirls around it and down the stairs.

203. INT. PARLOR FLOOR EVENING

Gloria comes down the stairs as fast as she can and still maintain a semblance of quiet. At the foot of the stairs, she turns and starts along the hall to the basement steps. Then she stops and goes quickly to the front door, peering through the etched glass design on either side of the door.

204. WHAT SHE SEES

In a SHOT, cut into patterns of flowered Victorian glass, we see Carlino standing on the stoop outside. He is smoking a cigarette. Occasionally he glances down toward the basement entrance.

205. INT. PARLOR FLOOR EVENING

Gloria turns from the window and super-stealthy now, hurries along the corridor and out of the FRAME.

206. INT. HENDRIX' APARTMENT EVENING

Susy stands by the water pipe, the spoon still in her hand. She is breathing hard, trying to control the mounting panic. The door opens a crack and Gloria sticks her head in, sees Susy and squeezes through, closing the door behind her.

GLORIA:
(softly)
Susy...Susy, it's me, Gloria.

Susy just nods at the knowledge and Gloria goes to her.

GLORIA:
(whispering)
Those men just went out. I saw them.
Who are they, Susy?

SUSY:
(still trying to control her rising fear)
Where are they now?

GLORIA:
Two of them went up the street. The other one -- the one who looked in the window --

SUSY:
Carlino, yes...

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.)

GLORIA:
He's on the stoop. Guarding or something.

SUSY:
The first thing we have to do...
(she is really fighting for control)
...is we have to stay calm...

GLORIA:
(a statement of fact)
I'm calm, Susy.

This note of sanity, amidst the growing horror of the situation, comes as a surprise and a delight to Susy. She hugs Gloria to her.

SUSY:
Yes, I know... I really, really know... and it's the best thing I ever heard.

GLORIA:
Are they detectives or something, Susy?

SUSY:
(releasing her -- cheered by her little ally)
No, honey, they're not detectives... They sure aren't detectives! -- Now, listen, the one that's on the stoop -- Carlino -- can I get by him?

GLORIA:
Not without him seeing you.

SUSY:
Then I...
(trying not to dwell on the thought)
...then I'll have to stay here. You're sure it's Carlino on the stoop? The one you saw coming out of the squatty truck?

GLORIA:
That's right. He's the one. He's up there smoking a lot.

SUSY:
You've never actually met him, have you?

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.1)

GLORIA:
No, I --

SUSY:
(quite pleased with herself)
Good. Because now is Special Mission Time for the Little Colonel! ...Do you know the Port Authority Bus Terminal?

GLORIA:
The what?

SUSY:
(hurrying Gloria up the stairs)
It's the -- just ask for the biggest bus station in New York. I think it's near Forty-Second Street. You'll take a taxi. The driver will know it.

GLORIA:
Near Forty-Second Street.

SUSY:
(handing Gloria some bills from purse on banister)
Here, take this.

GLORIA:
(takes bills)
What do I do when I get to this bus place?

SUSY:
(going as fast as she can, as she does through rest of scene)
Ask where the buses come in from Asbury Park. Asbury Park. Say it.

GLORIA:
Asbury Park.

SUSY:
Meet every bus from Asbury Park. Stay there all night if you have to. Sam will be on one of them. Can you do that?

GLORIA:
Of course I can. What shall I tell him?

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.2)

SUSY:
Everything. All about the three men. Everything. Sam will know what to do.
(Gloria starts to dash off; Susy holds her back)
Now, do you understand everything?

Gloria nods dumbly then remembers her nod can't be seen.

GLORIA:
Yes, ma'am... Susy? What are we doing?

SUSY:
We're doing two things. One thing each. You're taking a very grown-up trip to the bus station to find Sam for us...and...I'm calling the police the second I know you're safe... Okay?

GLORIA:
A-Okay!

207. EXT. HENDRIX' HOUSE FRONT STOOP CRANE SHOT EVENING

Carlino stands morosely watching the lower entryway. He is smoking, and cold. There is a moment's pause, then the door behind him opens, and Gloria comes out. Carlino turns to look: it is nothing but a nine-year-old girl in a pink duffle coat carrying a furled red umbrella and red shopping bag so he turns back to watching the Hendrix entrance.

GLORIA:
I'm a Girl Scout. Wanna buy some cookies?
(Carlino pays no attention)
Sure you don't want to buy a couple boxes? I get points...

CARLINO:
Buzz off, kid.

As Gloria walks down steps, CAMERA CRANES down slowly, sinking below the stoop level until it comes to rest on SHOT of outside of basement door.

208. INT. BASEMENT DOOR AND SUSY CLOSEUP

Susy has her ear to the basement door and is listening hard.

209. WIDE SHOT STOOP GLORIA AND CARLINO

GLORIA:
(at the bottom of the steps)
Okay...well... Guess I better try to make points with someone else.

She walks off, leaving a bored Carlino, and bonks her umbrella along the railing as she passes.

210. INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

The corridor stretches out away from CAMERA. Susy is in b.g. at basement door. The SOUND of Gloria's umbrella bonking on the railing can be faintly heard. Susy whirls from the door, and holding her left arm straight out beside her, comes flying down the corridor as fast as she can run, her hand trailing along the wall as guidance, until, in a blur, she has passed the CAMERA.

211. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM

Susy comes through the door at a run, pauses long enough to find the railing; then, with her hand trailing lightly along this new guide, she comes rapidly down the stairs and straight to the phone table.

212. *ANOTHER ANGLE PHONE TABLE AND SUSY*

Susy picks the receiver off the cradle, and starts to spin the dial.

SUSY:
(to herself, muttering)
279...0099....

Having completed the dialing, she lifts the receiver to her ear, and waits impatiently.

213. CLOSE SHOT SUSY

There is a moment while she waits for the sound of a connection, then she pulls the phone from her ear, and checks with the other hand to make sure she has it the right way up. Then she holds it again to her ear. Silence.

214. ANOTHER ANGLE FROM PHONE TABLE TO SUSY

Susy holds the receiver to her ear with one hand. With the

(CONTINUED)

214 (Cont.)
other, she reaches out and feels along the line to the cradle. When her hand finds the cradle, she pushes the bar down quickly three or four times.

215. CHOKER SUSY

She tilts the phone away from her ear, listening. Absolute silence. Then she gasps in horror.

216. EXTREME LOW ANGLE SHOOTING OVER CUT LINE TO SUSY

The severed end of the phone line is in f.g. In b.g. at the table, Susy drops to all fours and frantically, in utter panic, begins to trace the phone line from the cradle along the floor toward the CAMERA. She crawls desperately across the floor, following the line like a terrified child in a macabre game, until her hands find the end of the line. When they do, she kneels in front of it, and holds it up, clasping it with both hands, almost like a prayer. And the next moment, she is sobbing hysterically. Long wracking sobs that won't stop.

SUSY:
(sobbing wildly and trying to get her breath)
No...it isn't...it isn't <u>fair</u>...

The CAMERA remains relentlessly close as the sobs well up and blot out her words.

SUSY:
(fighting for control)
...They can't <u>do</u> this.
(shaking her head, with the tears running down her cheeks)
They <u>can't</u>...

Then the sobs rise up, and Susy cries without restraint. The CAMERA never moves, as the progressive waves roll over her.

Slowly...little by little... the intensity of each wave lessens, and with the lessening, the character of her crying begins to change. Something very like fury begins to work in Susy. And with it comes a new element of control. She sits up, sniffing back the tears, and then with a vicious yank, she wrenches the phone line, sending the receiver and cradle flying onto the ground.

217. LONG SHOT SUSY AND STAIRS

Unsteadily, Susy gets to her feet. She is still crying, but she keeps sniffing back her tears and swallowing for breath, as she feels her way along to the stair railing.

218. MED. SHOT RAILING AND SUSY

Susy is groping along the railing toward the CAMERA. Her hands find the umbrella, and she pulls it from the railing.

219. THE STAIRS AND LANDING FROM ABOVE

Carrying the umbrella, Susy comes unsteadily up the stairs.

220. INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Susy comes out the apartment door into the corridor. Three ceiling bulbs burn dimly. She is still crying as she turns the umbrella round in her hands, almost losing her balance, and having to shoot out a hand to steady her on the wall. Then she reaches above her, and starts to swing the umbrella handle viciously in the air, moving toward the CAMERA in small steps. One of her wild swings connects, and the center bulb crashes with the sparks of the short-circuited bulb. Susy never stops, but keeps advancing, swinging the umbrella.

221. MOVING SHOT CLOSE SHOT SUSY

CAMERA TRACKS BACKWARD, holding Susy in BIG CLOSEUP. The tears are streaming down her face, as she takes wide hysterical strokes with the umbrella above her head. She keeps coming down the corridor until there is another crash from above, and the blue flash of the broken bulb.

222. THE CORRIDOR LONG SHOT SUSY

In the darkened end of the corridor near the basement door, Susy can be faintly seen turning. She has lowered the umbrella, and is guiding herself along the wall back toward the last bulb, high in f.g. of the SHOT. When she passes the apartment door, she raises the umbrella again, and begins her measured assault. Closer and closer she comes to the CAMERA, her umbrella describing frantic arcs in the air, clattering off the walls. Step by step she approaches the bulb, until in a blinding flash, she connects and all is dark except for the light streaming from her apartment.

223. EXT. HENDRIX HOUSE EVENING

Carlino leans in the upper doorway on the stoop, humming dully to himself. He is cold and bored. The sounds of the lights being broken within haven't reached him.

224. INT. HENDRIX APARTMENT

Hurrying from the pitch-dark hallway, Susy comes into her apartment and locks the door behind her. Her tears have stopped now, and from this moment on, she gains progressive control of herself as she forces herself to invent and act, rather than just wait for the men to return.

Moving as efficiently as she can, she does the following things:

She removes the bulb from the Tiffany chandelier (putting the bulb into a wicker wastebasket which she's grabbed up on her way to the chandelier). Then she goes through the rooms of the apartment (including the bathroom where she has a little trouble with the tubular light above the sink) removing all bulbs, putting them into the wastebasket.

(NOTE: When she gets to the work light in the darkroom area, she does not remove the bulb but, feeling it for heat, leaves it switched on.) Now only the darkroom light illuminates the room. To get the wastebasket with the bulbs out of the way, she stands on tiptoe and pushes it on to the top of a kitchen wall cabinet.

Now Susy hurries to the amber bottles in the darkroom section. The different solutions are clearly marked (for Sam), but are also each in differently shaped bottles (for Susy). Without hesitation, she grabs the only gallon jug, the one marked "Hypo." Carrying the bottle of Hypo to the round table, she goes to kitchen and gets a large bottle of Mazola corn oil, and takes it to table. There is a bowl of flowers in the center of the table. Susy snatches the flowers from the bowl, dumps the water into the nearest potted palm, pours some Hypo into the bowl (frowning at its smell), carefully pours in some oil, sniffs and seems satisfied at the masking of odor...then jams the flowers back into bowl. Now she fluffs the flowers into some kind of prettiness.

225. EXT. HENDRIX HOUSE EVENING

Carlino leans against the doorway at the top of the stoop breathing clouds of frost into the cold night air. Now he looks up.

226. WHAT HE SEES LONG SHOT STREET

Down the center of the street come two figures. In the glow from passing streetlamps, we can see that the approaching men are Mike and Roat.

227. BACK TO CARLINO

He starts down the stoop to meet them.

228. LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE STREET AND HENDRIX HOUSE

Mike and Roat join Carlino at the foot of the stairs. We see the men talking, but cannot hear them from this distance. Mike is gesturing (let me do it, she trusts me). After a moment, Roat nods and heads off up the street.

229. MED. SHOT MIKE AND CARLINO

The two men stand looking after the disappearing figure of Roat. When he is gone from view, Mike turns to Carlino.

MIKE:
(with affection)
Okay, Bad Man...

Carlino grins, and turns in the opposite direction from Roat.

230. HIGH ANGLE SHOT STREET AND HENDRIX HOUSE

Mike stands watching Carlino run toward corner. When he is gone, Mike starts down the steps to the basement.

231. INT. HENDRIX LIVING ROOM

Susy is sitting at the table, fumbling with a package of cigarettes which lies open before her. She puts one in her mouth. It can be seen that she is not used to smoking and isn't happy handling matches. She hasn't quite got the cigarette going when there is a knock at the door.

MIKE'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Susy?
(her head jerks up, holds, then bends back to lighting the cigarette)
Susy, it's me -- Mike... Susy?

Susy doesn't answer him. And then she hears the SMALL SOUND of celluloid being worked into the lock.

232. INSERT EXTREME TIGHT ON DOOR LOCK MIKE'S SIDE OF DOOR

The lock and Mike's hands are large in the FRAME; in one hand he holds a lighted Zippo, with the other he works a stiff sliver of celluloid in the lock.

233. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

Mike enters, closing the door and pocketing the celluloid and Zippo. He looks around at the strangely lit room.

MIKE:
What's going on here?

SUSY:
(calmly)
You've been to the studio, Mike?

MIKE:
That's right.

SUSY:
And there was no doll?

MIKE:
More fun still, there wasn't even a desk.

SUSY:
Poor Sam -- he really ought to have a desk. But, then, you've never met my friend Sam, so you wouldn't know about him needing a desk.

MIKE:
Mrs. Hendrix, you --

SUSY:
Susy. We're not strangers.

MIKE:
All right, Susy. Game time's over. I want the doll.

SUSY:
No.

MIKE:
You haven't got any <u>choice</u>.

SUSY:
(still not moving)
I do. I have a choice.

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.)

MIKE:
No you don't. Dammit, you act like you're in kindergarten! This is the big bad world where there are mean people and nasty things happen.

SUSY:
I won't give it to you, Mike.
(brushes smoke from her face)

MIKE:
(frustrated and angry)
Now, look. You listen to me...and you listen good. I'm through playing around -- you give me that doll, and you give it to me fast.

Susy doesn't answer; she just sits there looking both brave and terribly vulnerable. Mike looks at her and is drained of all ability to go on his way: he gives up, gives in. Glancing up at her occasionally as he does so, he now starts roaming around the room, examining and abandoning things such as a picture (which needs his slight adjustment), a dead leaf on a palm (which needs pinching off), a patch of dust (which needs wiping away).

MIKE:
Okay, Susy.
(Susy turns to the sound of his voice)
You win.

SUSY:
(accepting that quietly and going on)
Sam didn't kill that woman; he didn't even know her, did he?

MIKE:
He met her at the airport exactly like he told you. You smoke too much.

SUSY:
Did you kill her, Mike?

MIKE:
(taking cigarette from her fingers and stubbing it out)
No.

SUSY:
Did Mr. Roat?

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.1)

MIKE:
It's not important. Not to you. It hasn't got anything to do with you, or with Sam. It never did. It was all a separate thing...for me and Carlino, and Roat. You don't belong to any of it.

SUSY:
Mr. Roat's different, though, isn't he?
(it is clear that any image of Roat frightens her deeply)
I think it's...more than the doll with him. I think he wants to do bad things.

MIKE:
(looking hard at her upturned face, her openness, her fear)
You don't have to worry about Roat.

234. EXT. PARKING LOT LOW ANGLE SHOT EVENING

Before us lies a nearly empty parking lot surrounded by the dark shapes of empty office buildings. The few cars parked at the distant edge of the lot are vague shapes in the dim light from the few streetlamps. For a moment there is silence. Then we hear the SOUND of approaching footsteps. A shadow passes over the CAMERA and stretches in front, long and thin in the raking light. CAMERA TRACKS FORWARD as the feet come into FRAME LEFT, keeping pace with the man and the elongated shadow. There is no one else in sight.

235. CLOSEUP TAILPIPE OF A CAR

Exhaust is coming from the pipe, sending clouds swirling into the night air. We hear the faint panting of the motor.

236. LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE SHOOTING STRAIGHT DOWN PARKING LOT

From above, the CAMERA SHOOTS DIRECTLY DOWN on the lone figure crossing the empty lot. His shadow stretches out long and thin across the pavement as he moves towards the line of cars.

237. CLOSE SHOT REAR OF CAR IN F.G.

The tailpipe is big in f.g. The HUM of the engine very clear. The frosty exhaust billows out over the scene of parking lot in b.g. just as figure of the walking man enters FRAME in distance.

238. CLOSEUP MAN'S FEET MOVING SHOT

TRACKING the feet from behind, the CAMERA holds them in CLOSEUP. The only SOUND is that of the footsteps echoing in the empty space.

239. CLOSEUP GRILLE OF CAR

The grille of a Volkswagen bus fills the FRAME. The windows are dark and nothing is visible within. The HUMMING of the motor seems quite loud at close range.

240. BACK TO FEET CLOSEUP

The feet take two more steps, then stop.

241. BACK TO SHOT FROM REAR OF CAR

In f.g. the exhaust still billows across the scene nearly obscuring the silhouette of the man who stands perhaps twenty feet in front of the car in b.g. of SHOT. There is no movement except the swirling of the exhaust.

242. CLOSEUP FEET

They take one step backwards.

243. CLOSEUP GRILLE OF VOLKSWAGEN

The lights click on sending blinding reflections into the CAMERA. Simultaneously, the engine rises in pitch terrifyingly.

244. CLOSEUP REAR OF VOLKSWAGEN

The SOUND of the engine is deafening. The exhaust shoots out in a wide stream at the CAMERA. The wheels spin sending a shower of gravel flying to fill the SCREEN. There is the high sharp SCREAM of tires rubbing on pavement.

245. BACK TO FEET CLOSEUP MOVING SHOT

The feet are running furiously as CAMERA TRACKS RAPIDLY BACKWARDS. The light from the headlights grows brighter. The SOUND of the car kills all other sound. The feet turn sharply, slide, and skid out from under the man.

246. CLOSEUP MAN IN SILHOUETTE

From behind, the shape of the man's head falls into FRAME. In b.g. nearly upon him, the lights of the car race forward. The man's head wrenches up, turns towards the car, away from CAMERA. His breath is a cloud in the icy night through which come the two points of light.

247. EXTREME LOW ANGLE SHOT UP TO VOLKSWAGEN

The SOUND of the racing engine rises in pitch, and one fender of the Volkswagen roars by. There is the SOUND of a thump and a gasp, then the engine noise covers all as the body of the Volkswagen roars in a blur across the SCREEN. Then, OFF SCREEN there is the squeal of sliding tires.

248. MED. SHOT FROM REAR

The Volkswagen skids to a stop, sliding sidewise as it does so.

249. ANOTHER ANGLE MAN'S BODY IN F.G.

SHOOTING OVER the body of the man, TO the Volkswagen in b.g. The only SOUND now is the soft panting of the exhaust which rises again in a gentle cloud. In f.g., filling one side of FRAME, lies the dark shape of the man. His hands stretch out grotesquely. His head is twisted back and away.

250. BACK TO MIKE AND SUSY

MIKE:
Roat's dead.
(Susy just blinks)
He didn't like us, you know -- any of us. We had to put a stop to him. We flipped a coin -- Carlino won.
(a pause)
Anyway, it doesn't matter.

SUSY:
What will you do, Mike? From right now?

(CONTINUED)

250 (Cont.)

MIKE:
Disappear. Like magic.

Mike reaches out and touches her shoulder gently with a forefinger. It is a farewell gesture. Then he heads for the door.

MIKE:
You're a good strong lady, Susy Hendrix.

SUSY:
The world champion blind lady?

Mike is at top of stairs. Opening the door.

MIKE:
Oh yes...yes, indeed that.

Mike opens the door and then turns back to Susy.

MIKE:
And, Susy...

251. SHOT SUSY

SUSY:
Yes, Mike?

252. SHOT MIKE WAIST UP

SHOOTING up the stairs. Mike pauses a moment, thinking. But the pause continues too long, and suddenly we know he isn't thinking. Something is happening to his face. His eyes go out of focus, and he is moving. His mouth falls open, and as he begins to pitch forward, his eyes roll up so that the light catches the whites. Now Mike is falling faster and faster directly toward the CAMERA until there is a CRASHING and a blur across the SCREEN.

253. CHOKER SUSY

SUSY:
Mike!?

254. MOVING SHOT CLOSEUP THROUGH THE BANISTERS

Mike's body is tumbling down the stairs, twisting grotesquely. One hand catches in the banisters, jerking the body around. The feet bump down the steps in a blur of CAMERA movement.

255. BACK TO SUSY

SUSY:
(starting forward)
Mike! Mike!

There is dead silence, and she stops. While we watch her trying to appraise the silence, listening hard, we hear the SOUND of soft footsteps entering the room.

256. THE LANDING CLOSEUP FEET

A pair of feet are moving just inside the door, and one of the shoes squeaks because it is new.

257. CHOKER SUSY

She is listening...alert, alarmed...like a forest creature. Then there is the squeak of the shoe again, and she knows. Susy starts to back up.

258. CLOSEUP COAT POCKET

A hand in cellophane gloves dips into the pocket and removes a length of black chain which RATTLES softly.

259. BACK TO SUSY

as she listens to the new sound, trying to place it.

260. CLOSEUP. THE DOOR HANDLE AND SECTION OF BALCONY RAIL

Two hands, both in cellophane gloves, are rapidly and efficiently wrapping the chain around the doorknob. They loop it tightly and swing the other end of the chain around the railing. The SOUND of the chain is loud in the silence.

261. BACK TO SUSY

She is up against the sink, holding the edge for support. The RATTLING of chains rides over the scene. Then it stops, and there is a metallic CLICK.

262. BACK TO DOOR AND RAILING

The pair of hands have just fastened a padlock through the chain. Now they release the chain so that it hangs down, giving the door a pull to test the device: it holds.

(CONTINUED)

262 (Cont.)

SUSY'S VOICE:
(O.S.; at the voice, the hands pause, then disappear from FRAME)
...What are you doing?

263. BACK TO SUSY

SUSY:
Please... Tell me what you're doing.

264. CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S BODY

Mike's face lies at the bottom of the stairs in CLOSEUP. One arm is twisted back and out through the iron stair railing. The feet are awkwardly sprawled across the steps. The eyes stare into the CAMERA. A foot steps over the body, and the cellophaned hands enter the FRAME. They flip Mike over without ceremony: low on Mike's neck, from below his left ear, sticks "Geraldine." One cellophaned hand grasps the knife handle, a foot braces precisely against the dead shoulder...the knife is pulled neatly free and Mike tumbles forward on his face.

265. SHOT SUSY

She is listening to the SOUND of the feet crossing the floor with their telltale squeak. A slight pause, and something heavy is placed on the floor. The SOUND of a gallon can of liquid.

SUSY:
Mr. Roat?
(she gets no reply)

266. CLOSEUP GALLON CAN

The cellophaned hands unscrew the little round metal cap and hold it for an instant. Then they toss the cap out of FRAME.

267. CLOSEUP A CORNER OF THE ROOM

The metal cap bounces and rattles across the floor, ricocheting off the corner.

268. BACK TO SUSY

She turns violently at the nearby SOUND.

(CONTINUED)

268 (Cont.)

SUSY:
What's that!
(again the silence)
What are you <u>doing</u>?

269. MOVING SHOT GASOLINE CAN

HOLD CAN IN CLOSEUP as it moves rapidly past a blur of the room. Gasoline is sloshing from the mouth of the can. There is the SOUND of it sloshing onto the floor. Up the steps it goes. We can HEAR the footsteps and the sloshing of the gasoline.

270. BACK TO SUSY

The SOUND of footsteps moving rapidly about the room. A door opening...and always the sound of pouring liquid.

SUSY:
...Mr. Roat, I know it's you. I do. I can hear your shoes...

271. CLOSEUP MIKE'S BODY

Mike lies face down across the stairs. The SOUND of footsteps approaches and the splashing. The can passes across the top of the FRAME and a stream of gasoline splashes across the length of Mike's body.

272. BACK TO SUSY

SUSY:
(panicked)
<u>Gasoline</u>!
(staring forward)
<u>Nooo</u>!

273. A CORNER OF THE ROOM GASOLINE CAN IN CLOSEUP

The can splashes the walls, and nearly empty, it gives that characteristic hollow METALLIC POP of tin metal snapping. Then the can is lowered to the ground under one of the palms, and there is silence.

274. BACK TO SUSY

She stands, breathing hard, holding to a chair. All is still. Then there comes the CREAK of the shoe, and again... and again. Susy turns, trying to find the sound and then

(CONTINUED)

274 (Cont.)
silence. And out of the silence, very close, comes Roat's voice.

ROAT'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Well, Susy...

275. ANOTHER ANGLE SUSY AND ROAT

Susy in f.g. spins to the voice. Roat is standing directly behind her, his hands clasped in front of him, his head cocked to one side. His face white in the light from the one lamp. He is wearing rose-tinted glasses.

ROAT:
Now all the children have gone to bed and we can talk.

SUSY:
What do you want?

ROAT:
(ashamed of her)
Oh, Susy...

SUSY:
What...what are you going to do with the gasoline?

ROAT:
Guess.

For a moment, Roat smiles at her, then he turns and walks from FRAME:

276. GO WITH ROAT

Roat moves quickly to the can and, taking a newspaper from a table, pours some gasoline on it. Rolling up the newspaper, he forms a torch, sticks this in his armpit and takes out a box of matches. He lights the torch and puts the matches back in his pocket.

277. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE BOTH

Roat is walking toward Susy with the flaming torch.

ROAT:
Susy?

When she turns to his voice, he brings the torch close

(CONTINUED)

277 (Cont.)
enough to her face for her to feel the heat.

ROAT:
Now guess.

SUSY:
(screaming)
NO!

He watches with clinical interest as she stumbles backward, her hands in front of her face.

SUSY:
Please...
(then)
All right.

He goes directly to the sink and pushes the torch under the tap, dousing and grinding it out.

ROAT:
I thought that would save time.

SUSY:
You want the doll.

ROAT:
Go to the head of the class.

He takes a chair and pulls it toward Susy, who shrinks back at the SOUND.

ROAT:
Just a chair, Susy. So you can sit down.

Susy sits awkwardly.

ROAT:
Did you know they wanted to kill me, Susy?

Susy shakes her head.

278. CLOSE SHOT ROAT

ROAT:
I did...I knew it even before they did. They were awful amateurs. That's why you saw through them.

279. SHOT SUSY

SUSY:
I saw through you, too.

280. SHOT ROAT

ROAT:
Not all the way, Susy. Even now not all the way... The lovely part was I let them set it all up. All the silliness of meeting at the parking lot -- the whole thing. They had comic book minds, so we did it their way. Right up until the end. Then -- topsy-turvy.
(almost giggles)
Me topsy, them turvey.

281. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE BOTH

SUSY:
Where's Sam? Where did you send him?

ROAT:
Clever, Susy.

SUSY:
Where is he?

ROAT:
(checking his watch)
On his way to Bellevue Hospital. There was a message for him when he got to Asbury Park. One of those short, formal things. "Your wife has had a slight accident..." You know. He took the next bus and is racing to your bedside.
(smiles at her)
So, we don't have too much time together.

As he is talking, Roat takes from his pocket a woman's chiffon scarf and plays with it.

SUSY:
You killed that woman. The doll woman. You...

Roat takes the scarf and sails it out over Susy's head so that it drifts down, touching her. She gives a little cry

(CONTINUED)

281 (Cont.)
and tries to fend it off. Roat grasps one end of it and whisks it away. Letting it sail out over her again.

ROAT:
(enjoying his game)
I don't want to talk about Mrs. Roat...

The scarf falls down over Susy again, and again she shies at the eerie feel of it.

ROAT:
(playful singsong)
Give me the doll, Susy.

SUSY:
I can't.

ROAT:
...I don't believe that, Susy.

SUSY:
(with her hand up to fend off the scarf)
No, I can't. I really can't! I don't have it anymore.

Roat watches her, waiting for her hands to come down. When they do, he lets the scarf drift over her again. It is almost as if the game fascinated him more than the doll.

SUSY:
Stop that, whatever it is!

Roat holds the scarf in his fingers, looking at Susy for a moment, then he folds it round and round one finger and puts it in his pocket.

ROAT:
I'm not going to ask you again, Susy...
So when you want to give the doll to me, you'll have to tell me.

SUSY:
I <u>can't</u>! It isn't here.

ROAT:
You're lying again.

He moves closer to her and reaches out to touch her. As she feels the touch of the cellophane hand, she pulls violently back.

SUSY:
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

281 (Cont.1)

ROAT:
Just my hand. Go into the bedroom, Susy.

As he's talking, Susy edges over to the table until she stands behind it. She feels on the table.

282. CLOSE SHOT TABLETOP AND BOWL OF HYPO

Her hands find the bowl, and hold it on either side.

283. TWO SHOT SUSY AND ROAT

From behind Susy.

SUSY:
Mr. Roat...are you looking at me?

ROAT:
Oh, yes Sus...

Aiming at his voice, Susy throws the contents of the vase into his face. Roat cries out and starts back. Susy hurries toward lamp in darkroom.

284. SHOT ROAT

Coughing and gasping from the Hypo, he throws off his tinted glasses (which have saved his eyes) and wipes at his face with his arm. He fumbles in his pocket and brings out the scarf, wiping away the Hypo... Then he looks around at a sudden SOUND.

285. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

Susy has knocked over a chair heading for the darkroom and, seeing this, Roat leaps in that direction, cutting her off from the source of light. Susy hears Roat's movement and changes direction, heading for the light switch on wall.

286. CLOSEUP LIGHT SWITCH

Susy's hand cuts down across the wall, missing the switch. Then it immediately repeats the gesture, and the light switch CLICKS off, and the SCREEN GOES DARK.

287. CLOSEUP ROAT (DARK CONVENTION)

Roat's eyes, moving in the faint blue light.

288. CLOSEUP SUSY (DARK CONVENTION)

Dimly visible, she stands against wall listening.

289. BACK TO ROAT MOVING SHOT (DARK CONVENTION)

The shape of his head is moving. We HEAR his footsteps and the squeak of one shoe. Dark shapes pass the CAMERA in b.g., as Roat's head is HELD CENTER FRAME.

290. CLOSEUP THE LIGHT SWITCH (DARK CONVENTION)

Roat's hand enters the FRAME, feels for the switch and flips it on. SCREEN BRIGHTENS.

291. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

Roat at switch swings around to find Susy. Susy is at the darkroom bench lamp. She is taking off one shoe. With her hand, she reaches out to find lamp.

ROAT:
(flicking "Geraldine's" blade out)
Don't touch it!

Susy swings her shoe to break light bulb.

292. SHOT ROAT

He throws the knife at the same instant as we HEAR the crash of the bulb. SCREEN GOES DARK.

293. SHOT SUSY AND WALL (DARK CONVENTION)

In the dim blue light, the knife sticks in wall just above Susy's head. She turns at the SOUND and feels along the wall for the quivering blade.

294. SHOT ROAT (DARK CONVENTION)

Just the shape of Roat's head is distinguishable. All is silent. He listens intently, not moving. There is a small SOUND. He swings around. His eyes catch the dim light briefly and he stares into the dark, alert. There is another small soft SOUND, and he turns again. Silence. Another SOUND, and he turns once more, less jumpy now. We can HEAR his measured breathing. Then he moves OFF SCREEN.

295. CLOSEUP BEDROOM DOOR (DARK CONVENTION)

Susy's hand can be seen as a shadow that feels along the door surface to the keyhole. She finds the key and lifts it quietly from the lock.

296. SHOT DARKROOM AREA (DARK CONVENTION)

Roat moves soundlessly into FRAME. His arms drift over the wall like dark wings flapping. He is searching the wall for the knife. A pin loosens and falls, RATTLING along the counter.

SUSY'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
I have your knife, Mr. Roat...

The voice seems to come from close by and Roat (his hands still on the wall) turns sharply to the sound.

297. MOVING SHOT SUSY (DARK CONVENTION THEN MATCH LIGHT)

The SILHOUETTE of her face moves past indistinguishable shapes. She stops, listens, moves again. There is a cough, and a flicker of light suddenly plays across her face. Unaware of this, she keeps moving, picks up a chair, moves it to a new spot quietly.

298. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM (MATCH LIGHT)

Roat is holding a lighted match up high. Susy carefully moves another chair. Now she reaches for the potted palm, and her hand brushes the gasoline can.

ROAT:
I can see you now, Susy. I have a whole box of matches... You're making a little obstacle course....

299. MOVING SHOT SUSY (MATCH LIGHT)

Immediately, she grabs up the can of gasoline and heads straight for Roat. He starts to back away, desperately, hitting the darkroom counter. Susy goes straight to the SOUND and, taking the can in both hands, throws the gasoline at him.

300. SHOT ROAT (MATCH LIGHT THEN NIGHT CONVENTION)

He shakes out the match furiously as the gasoline hits his

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.)
suit. (DARK CONVENTION)

ROAT:
No! It's out!

In the dim light, the gasoline splashes him, drenching his clothes. We hear him choking and spluttering.

SUSY'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Just try lighting a match now!

301. SHOT SUSY (DARK CONVENTION THEN MATCH LIGHT)

Susy scoops up a book of matches from the table, and strikes one. Holding this before her, she advances toward CAMERA.

SUSY:
Throw your matches on the floor...now!
Or I'll set you on fire.

302. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE BOTH (MATCH LIGHT THEN DARK CONVENTION)

Roat is backing away violently. He digs the matches from his pocket in a frenzy and hurls them noisily into the corner.

ROAT:
They're on the floor! You heard them!

Susy stops and shakes out the match. The SCREEN DIMS to DARK CONVENTION.

303. SHOT SUSY (DARK CONVENTION)

She stands perfectly still, visible only in outline, and gradually her breathing comes under control.

SUSY:
Now stand perfectly still where you are...and listen...

Silence for a few seconds; then we HEAR Roat tiptoe across the floor.

SUSY:
Don't move!... However quietly you move I can hear you.

She listens. There is silence.

304. SHOT ROAT (DARK CONVENTION)

He is balanced on his toes. Hardly breathing.

SUSY'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Now listen. Go slowly to the bedroom door and walk so I can hear you. Go on.

In the dim blue light we see Roat turn.

ROAT:
I -- I can't -- I don't know where I am.

305. BACK TO SUSY (DARK CONVENTION)

She backs up soundlessly as she talks.

SUSY:
Just find one of the walls and work your way round. It's not very difficult.

There is a pause, then we HEAR his footsteps. Susy's head turns to follow his passage. Then the footsteps stop.

ROAT'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
I'm there.

SUSY:
Yes, I know...now go inside. Close the door and knock from the other side.

306. CLOSEUP BEDROOM DOOR (DARK CONVENTION)

We see Roat's hand slide along, feeling for the key in the lock. There is the slight CLICK of the keyhole cover as it slides to one side.

307. BACK TO SUSY (DARK CONVENTION)

SUSY:
I have the key.

ROAT'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

307 (Cont.)

SUSY:
Just go in there. Close the door and knock. I'm going to lock you in.

308. MOVING SHOT ROAT (DARK CONVENTION)

He is at the bedroom door. As he speaks, he begins to move cautiously.

ROAT:
No. Let me stay in here. I won't move. I'll go and sit at the table.

He is moving past dark shapes.

309. CLOSEUP ROAT'S FEET (DARK CONVENTION)

On tiptoes, dimly visible, he finds the bottom of the stairs and starts cautiously up. One shoe CREAKS almost inaudibly.

ROAT'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
...I'll keep tapping on the table so you'll know I'm there...

310. THE DOOR AND LANDING AREA (DARK CONVENTION THEN MATCH LIGHT)

There is a movement in the near dark and the JANGLE of the chain as Roat throws himself on the door. The same instant, a match lights beside him. Susy is ahead of him, standing to one side of the landing. She holds out the match, and Roat stumbles backward, going down two steps at a time, his feet buckling under him.

ROAT:
No! Put it out! Put it out!

311. SHOT SUSY (MATCH LIGHT)

Holding the lighted match in one hand and the knife in the other, she is coming down the stairs.

312. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE BOTH (MATCH LIGHT THEN DARK CONVENTION)

The match goes out, and the scene is plunged into near black again. In the darkness, we see a movement and hear Roat

(CONTINUED)

312 (Cont.)
stumble down the last few steps.

ROAT:
...I'll do exactly what you say! I'm at the table...

313. MOVING SHOT ROAT (DARK CONVENTION)

Roat is groping for the table.

ROAT:
I'm at the table. I'll keep tapping on it so you'll know exactly where I am...

He pulls a chair around and fumbles onto it and starts TAPPING on the table loudly.

ROAT:
Now I'm sitting at the table...

He keeps TAPPING in odd rhythm...no set pattern. Then it stops.

314. SHOT SUSY (DARK CONVENTION)

Dim in profile.

SUSY:
Keep tapping!

The TAPPING immediately RESUMES, and continues in its irregular fashion. Susy moves OFF FRAME.

315. CLOSEUP ROAT'S HAND ON TABLE (DARK CONVENTION)

The hand TAPS and waits, taps twice, waits again, taps...

SUSY'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Just keep tapping!

The hand delays, then TAPS twice, then waits, and the TAPS CONTINUE erratically.

316. CLOSEUP ROAT (DARK CONVENTION)

As the TAPS CONTINUE, his head turns slowly around past CAMERA to stare OFF SCREEN. His eyes are softly visible. The TAPPING grows less regular.

317. CLOSEUP ROAT'S FEET AND HAND (DARK CONVENTION)

With one hand, Roat silently slips off both his shoes.

318. THE BEDROOM DOOR (DARK CONVENTION)

Susy comes into FRAME, moving soundlessly. There is a long pause; Susy stops.

SUSY:
Tap!

A TAP comes, then three more. The TAPS grow more irregular.

319. THE TABLE AND ROAT (DARK CONVENTION)

In outline, we can see that Roat is stretched out as far from the table as possible. One hand just reaches over the table surface. As we watch it TAPS three times, then he moves rapidly away.

320. CLOSEUP THE ICEBOX (DARK CONVENTION)

Roat's hands feel frantically along the icebox door for the handle.

321. CHOKER SUSY (DARK CONVENTION)

Her head spins round.

SUSY:
Keep tapping!

322. CLOSEUP ICEBOX DOOR (DARK CONVENTION THEN ICEBOX LIGHT)

A line of light widens as Roat pulls the door soundlessly open.

323. WIDE SHOT (ICEBOX LIGHT)

The widening beam of light from the icebox spreads over the room, illuminating Susy at the bedroom door and Roat by the icebox. Susy is fumbling for matches. She still holds the knife in one hand. Roat reaches out for a kitchen towel.

324. CLOSEUP ICEBOX HINGE (ICEBOX LIGHT)

The towel is wedged in the hinge.

(CONTINUED)

324 (Cont.)

SUSY'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Tap!

325. SHOT SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHT)

She is just striking a match, when there is the SOUND of the icebox motor pulsing into life. She stops, looks to sound, realizing what it means.

326. ANOTHER ANGLE SHOOTING PAST ICEBOX TO SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHT)

Roat stands to one side of the icebox, watching Susy. The SOUND of the motor is loud. Susy gives up trying to light the match and, holding the knife out before her, goes straight at the icebox. Roat just steps back to allow her to pass him. She jabs at the icebox area with the knife, then frantically tries to shut the door. Each time she SLAMS it, it springs open because of the towel.

327. ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING ROAT (ICEBOX LIGHT)

Roat is standing quite still, watching Susy's fierce effort to slam the door. The MOTOR HUMS loudly.

ROAT:
It's over, Susy...

She spins to his voice, waving the knife before her. Then she throws her weight on the door, but it won't shut and she gives a little animal WHIMPER of hurt and fury. Once more she slams at the door.

328. CLOSEUP ICEBOX DOOR (ICEBOX LIGHT)

The door springs back, knocking the knife from Susy's hand.

329. CLOSEUP FLOOR (ICEBOX LIGHT)

The knife skids across the floor. Susy goes down on her knees and feels for it. She is nowhere near the knife, but her hands cover the ground desperately. As she moves closer, Roat's foot comes into FRAME and calmly flicks the knife out of reach.

ROAT'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Relax, Susy. It's all over. Like I said.

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.)
Slowly she stops her frantic efforts and looks up toward his voice.

330. WIDE SHOT (ICEBOX LIGHT)

He leans down and straightens up with knife in his hand.

ROAT:
I have the knife. And I have light.
(pause)
Go stand by the bedroom door.

Susy gets up to stand unsteadily, bracing herself on the refrigerator.

SUSY:
All right. You can have it. You can have the doll.
(Roat just looks at her)
I'll give it to you...if you'll just go and...and...

ROAT:
Yes, Susy?

SUSY:
...and not hurt me.

ROAT:
(after a pause)
You'll have to say please.

SUSY:
Please.

ROAT:
No, that's not quite it. It's please may I give you the doll.

SUSY:
...Please may I give you the doll.

ROAT:
(quietly)
You may.

Susy goes to washing machine and digs out doll.

ROAT:
The table will be fine, Susy.

Susy puts it on the table, then backs against the kitchen

330 (Cont.)
area. Roat approaches the doll curiously. Reaching out, he clicks the switch and the tune plays.

ROAT:
Catchy tune.

Susy has her hands on the kitchen cabinet, and says nothing. Now Roat turns the doll over.

331. CLOSEUP DOLL ON TABLE (ICEBOX LIGHT)

Pulling the dress up, Roat tears the back open with his fingers, and, as the chime runs down, digs out the packets.

332. SHOT SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHT)

One of Susy's hands on the counter touches the little kitchen knife she placed there when cleaning up. Her hand closes on the handle.

333. WIDE SHOT (ICEBOX LIGHT)

Roat takes the last packet from the doll, feels inside, then picks up all the packets and puts them in his pocket. Then he turns to Susy.

ROAT:
I want you in the bedroom, Susy.

SUSY:
You said you wouldn't hurt me.

ROAT:
I had my fingers crossed... Come along, Susy.

Susy stands for a moment and then begins to edge along the wall.

334. MOVING SHOT (ICEBOX LIGHT)

Susy is in f.g., edging around so that she keeps the sound of Roat's movements in front of her. Behind her back, she holds the little kitchen knife. Roat glances at her from time to time as he moves quickly about the room. He pulls a pillow from the sofa and mops at his gasoline-soaked clothes with it. He glances back at Susy.

ROAT:
You can go faster than that, Susy.

(CONTINUED)

334 (Cont.)
Susy continues to move slowly along the wall towards the bedroom.

ROAT:
(warning)
Susy...

335. CLOSE (MOVING) SHOT ROAT (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

His head is cocked to one side as he watches her.

ROAT:
No use hiding that key, Susy. I have to have it, you know.
(no answer)
Oh yes I do...

Roat starts forward. CAMERA TRACKS BACKWARD holding Roat in TIGHT CLOSEUP. He is smiling as he moves forward.

ROAT:
All right, Susy. Let me have it...

He stops. Susy's left hand, holding bedroom key, comes into FRAME LEFT from behind CAMERA. Roat smiles and holds his hand beneath it. Susy's hand is at Roat's face level.

ROAT:
Drop!

Susy's hand releases the key, and in that instant, it moves up and catches Roat by the back of the neck, drawing him violently forward until he is crushed in a blur close to the CAMERA. In the free HALF FRAME RIGHT, Susy's right hand is seen plunging down with the kitchen knife. Roat gives a roar and wrenches fiercely back. The knife plunges again as Roat's face contorts in pain.

336. MED. SHOT SUSY AND ROAT (ICEBOX LIGHT)

Susy and Roat rock violently against the doorway. Then Roat tumbles backwards into the bedroom. Susy loses her balance, dropping the knife. She goes down on her knees, feeling around for it. Abruptly she gives up and rushes frantically for the stairs.

337. THE LANDING AND DOOR (ICEBOX LIGHT)

Susy races up steps toward door and CAMERA. She pulls at door, but the chain and padlock are impossible to open. Susy wheels and starts downstairs. There is a SOUND of something sliding on the wood behind her. She stops.

338. QUICK CHOKER SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Her head spins around to SOUND of scraping.

339. CLOSEUP BALCONY RAILING AND UMBRELLA (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Susy's umbrella is slipping along the balcony rail and as we watch it CLATTERS to the floor.

340. BACK TO CHOKER SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Terrified, she turns in the other direction.

341. WHAT SHE HEARS WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

The empty room cut by sharp shadows from the refrigerator light. Not a thing moving. And the only SOUND is that from the refrigerator's ancient grinding motor.

342. MED. SHOT LANDING FROM BEYOND BEDROOM DOOR (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

CAMERA PANS as Susy, terrified by things unseen, bolts down the stairs. CAMERA BECOMES STATIC as Susy turns at the bottom of stairs and runs straight at CAMERA. As Susy approaches the bedroom door, Roat flies out in front of her as though shot from a cannon. Blood drips from his face. His arms stretch out before him, groping for Susy. His body falls in front of her and splays along the ground.

343. QUICK CHOKER SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Susy is screaming. Stumbling backwards.

344. SHOT ROAT ON FLOOR (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

His face is ghastly pale, streaked with blood and dirt. His hands in the blood-spattered cellophane gloves grope before him for Susy's legs. They lock around one of her ankles.

345. REVERSE ANGLE SHOOTING LOW OVER ROAT'S BODY TO SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Susy is backing away frantically. Her movements pull Roat's body along the floor. She breaks free, stumbling backwards into a table and overturning it, whimpering like a wounded animal.

346. SHOT ROAT (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Roat falls forward on his face. His hands shoot out, seeking a purchase. They hit the knife, sending it skidding to one side. He grabs it.

347. MOVING SHOT SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

GO WITH Susy as she makes her way to icebox, throwing things out of her way, sending a chair flying against the stairs. She finds the icebox and tries to close it, but the towel in the hinge keeps swinging the door back open. Behind her is a THUD, she wheels around, listening. Then comes the SOUND of something being dragged across the floor. Then another THUD, and again the dragging sound. Susy is frozen with fear.

348. LOW ANGLE MOVING SHOT ROAT (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Both his hands on the knife, Roat drives it into the floor, then pulls himself forward toward CAMERA. Again the knife THUDS into the floor; again he draws himself forward like a slug.

349. CHOKER SUSY (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Susy is sobbing hysterically: The SOUND of the THUD and the weight being pulled across the floor. She can't identify the sound, but it is coming closer. The THUD again.

350. CLOSEUP ROAT'S FEET (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

They are pulled forward with the SOUND of dragging. They are limp and lifeless as they drag along the ground. Again the THUD; again they move forward.

351. MED. SHOT SUSY AT ICEBOX (ICEBOX LIGHT)

Susy is now feeling behind the icebox to the right along the wall trying to find the electric cord. She sends pots and dishes flying out of the way as her hands grope for the cord.

SUSY:
(screaming as she
fumbles for the cord)
Help me! Help me!

There is a SOUND at her feet. Susy turns in terror.

352. FULL SHOT ICEBOX SUSY AND ROAT (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Roat has reached the base of the icebox. The open door now separates him from Susy. Susy is immobilized with fear. Roat reaches for the door, and slowly drags himself up, his hands finding shelf after shelf in the icebox, using them like ladder rungs. One after the other, he climbs higher and higher until he stands, steadying himself on the refrigerator. HOLD SHOT as he shifts his weight to free hand with the knife.

ROAT:
I'll help you, Susy...

Susy swings away from the voice, and her hands reach out behind the icebox.

353. CLOSEUP SUSY'S HAND AND ICEBOX PLUG (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Both her hands lock around the electric cord to the plug.

354. BACK TO FULL SHOT SUSY AND ROAT (ICEBOX LIGHTING)

Roat raises his knife and, at the same instant, Susy pulls with all her might on the electric cord. The SCREEN GOES BLACK. There is a CRY from Susy, and the SOUND of a body falling. Then silence.

355. EXT. LONG SHOT ST. LUKE'S PLACE EVENING

SHOOTING down the center of the empty street. All is still. The lights are on in the second floor apartment (Gloria's) of the Hendrix house. There are few other house lights on in the street. Around the far corner comes a flashing red light, and the headlights of a car sweep the street. We can hear the faint SIREN of a police car. It comes down the street, moving fast. The SIREN grows in intensity and rises in pitch as it approaches the CAMERA. In front of the Hendrix house, it skids to the curb and the doors fly open before it stops. Out of the front doors come two patrolmen. Sam Hendrix climbs quickly from the back, followed a second later by Gloria.

356. EXT. HENDRIX HOUSE AREAWAY EVENING

The two patrolmen are down the steps three at a time and into the house. Behind, Gloria reaches the gate at the same time as Sam. He pushes through, then at the basement door, he whirls.

(CONTINUED)

356 (Cont.)

SAM:
You stay here, Gloria. Do you hear me?

Sam turns and vanishes down the steps. Gloria waits about two seconds before following as fast as she can.

357. INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR (FLASHLIGHT LIGHTING)

Patrolman 1 is at the door with his flashlight. The light from the torch of Patrolman 2 is wobbling down the corridor as Sam runs to join them. Patrolman 1 tries the door.

358. CLOSEUP PARTIALLY OPEN DOOR AND CHAINS (FLASHLIGHT LIGHTING)

The torch plays along the chains as seen from outside the door.

359. MED. SHOT DOOR AND CORRIDOR (FLASHLIGHT LIGHTING)

Gloria has joined the group unnoticed.

PATROLMAN 1:
(handing torch to Sam)
Here!

He backs and runs at the door, battering it with his shoulder. It doesn't budge an inch. He is backing up for the second try, when Patrolman 2 pushes him aside.

PATROLMAN 2:
Look out!

Patrolman 2 lifts one foot and, throwing all his weight forward, drives it into the door like a battering ram.

360. INT. HENDRIX APARTMENT (FLASHLIGHT LIGHTING)

The door shatters in and lights of the flashlights flick through. Then the Patrolmen climb in with drawn revolvers. Behind them is Sam. The beams of light play around the room, then rivet on the body of Mike at the foot of the stairs. Patrolman 1 hurries down to examine him. Patrolman 2 sweeps his light over the rest of the room.

SAM:
(calling)
Susy! Susy!

360 (Cont.)
Sam runs down the stairs past Patrolman 1 and heads into the bedroom.

PATROLMAN 1:
(getting to his feet)
Dead.

Patrolman 2, whose light has picked out the body of Roat propped against the refrigerator door:

PATROLMAN 2:
Another one.

Sam comes out of the bedroom, pauses to glance at the grotesque figure of Roat, and bolts up the stairs...

SAM:
She's not here! -- Maybe upstairs...

He is out the door, and his footsteps can be HEARD running along the corridor and taking the stairs three at a time. The Patrolmen have moved in for a closer look at Roat.

PATROLMAN 1:
What a mess...

The Patrolmen turn to survey room. As they do, Roat's body begins to move back toward them. Sensing the movement, Patrolman 2 spins around.

PATROLMAN 2:
Watch it!

361. ANOTHER ANGLE THE REFRIGERATOR (FLASHLIGHT LIGHTING)

Patrolman 1 goes down on one knee, revolver at the ready. Both beams of light are concentrated on the refrigerator. Roat's body slumps to the floor, and from behind the refrigerator comes Susy. She is dazed and groggy. She stands, unsteadily, feeling one side of her face. For a moment, there is no sound, and Susy moves out into the flashlight beams warily, carefully, listening. Hearing a movement, she shakily strikes a match and holds it straight out in front of her.

PATROLMAN 1:
(as they both holster their revolvers)
Mrs. Hendrix? Put out the match. You'll burn yourself.

Susy stands, unsure of the new voices, holding the match out. Then Gloria bounds down the steps, and pushes past the policemen.

(CONTINUED)

361 (Cont.)

GLORIA:
It's me, Susy. We're back.
(blowing out match)

PATROLMAN:
(reaching out to lead Susy)
Okay, Mrs. Hendrix, let's get out of here for a while, shall we?

GLORIA:
(pushing him aside)
Leave her alone! She can manage by herself!

Gloria takes Susy's hand and leads her to the nearest piece of furniture (still in its proper place) that Susy can recognize. Then Gloria leaves her to herself and starts clearing a path for Susy to the door. Susy, in the center of the Patrolmen's lightbeams, starts unsteadily forward.

GLORIA:
(setting aside a chair)
You see -- she can manage. Quite well, thank you.

At that moment, there is the SOUND of running footsteps, and Sam races into the room. Rushing for Susy, he suddenly stops halfway down the stairs... Looking at her surrounded by the debris of all she's been through, he stops because he knows he can do better by her than just racing to comfort her.

SAM:
(very still on steps calling to her quietly)
Susy... over here...

Susy goes to him, reaching out in the air for Sam's hand.

362. CLOSE SHOT SUSY

Taking his hand, she simply touches it for a moment...then she places his hand against her cheek and smiles.

FADE OUT.

END TITLES